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THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION IN PARIS.*

THE religious history of France, during the last half century, furnishes matter of much profound meditation. Or, not to go back so far, the change which, within the few years last past, has come over the spirit of the nation; the character of its reigning philosophy, much misunderstood by some; the movement of the old religious party — the representative of Catholicism — present inquiries on which our thoughts might be long busy, without perhaps being able to arrive at anything more than the most vague conjectures, as to what is to be the result of the present activity of the French mind and present chaos of opinions.

The field is too broad to be at present entered upon by us. Whatever comes to us from the religious philosophical party, as we suppose it claims to be called, is read with no little interest by many among us. Nor are the steps taken by the old religious party, and the condition of theological science in it, destitute of all claim to the attention, whether of the devout or the curious mind.

The Catholics profited greatly by the reformation under Luther, and it would have been strange if they had not profited by more recent events so disastrous, in many respects, to the old

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faith. They must meet the demands of the age ; they must revise their systems of theological education and discipline ; they must infuse new life into their ancient forms ; or they must forever abandon the field of the world. Of this none are more fully convinced than they are, especially the Gallic branch of the church.

The latest information of any particular value, which has fallen under our notice, relating to the affairs of this branch of the church, is contained in the Pastoral Letter of the archbishop of Paris on ecclesiastical studies, issued on occasion of the reëstablishment of the Conferences, and of the Faculty of Theology, in the Diocese of Paris. The Letter, which bears date, the eighth of April, 1841, is altogether a noteworthy document.

It is interesting in more respects than one ; interesting for the many sound views and very just trains of thought, which we find scattered over its pages ; interesting also as showing what the French Catholic party is meditating and doing, and the measures it is taking to combat the errors and counteract the sinister influences of the times, as they are deemed, and to reëstablish the reign of piety and virtue in the hearts of the community, chiefly by elevating the standard of character and theological attainments in the clergy. We do not assent to all the views contained in the Letter. They necessarily take a coloring from the writer's position and the communion to which he belongs. They contain many hints, however, by which Protestants may profit ; many which, in spirit, though not perhaps in letter, are applicable to other meridians than that of Paris. And we are compelled to acknowledge that the whole performance breathes an earnest and pure spirit, full of Christian love and devotion, worthy of the Fenelons of former days, and the Matignons and Cheveruses of more recent times.

Taken altogether, the Letter is quite a manly production, and is no less creditable to the talents and discernment of the archbishop, than to his piety. It would too far extend our article to stop to point out every minute particular in which we differ from the writer, nor does our present purpose require it. Leaving the reader, therefore, to discriminate and judge for himself, we beg leave to say, once for all, that in what follows to the end of the article, we give the views of the Archbishop, and not our own. We enter at present into no discussion, no refutation, no panegyric. The views of the writer we shall

sometimes present in an abridged form ; we shall sometimes give the author's language, so far as it can be retained in a version more or less free, as may happen ; much we must necessarily omit ; we shall condense much. We hold ourselves responsible only to avoid misrepresentation and misstatement.

After a few reflections on the serious occupations of the clergy, and the general influence of their studies on the mind and character, the Archbishop proceeds to speak of the objects of these studies, under the threefold division of dogmas, morality, and discipline. We shall pass over this portion of the Letter as containing little in which our readers would be likely to take any particular interest. We will quote only a single remark, which is, that "the history of morality explains the history of the world, which without it must remain a sealed book."

To the Theologian, as distinguished from the Preacher and the Pastor, (though an eminent preacher must necessarily be somewhat of a theologian,) the Archbishop assigns an almost boundless field of labor and research. He must be intimately acquainted with the three great departments of study just mentioned. He must know, along with the history, also the reason of every dogma, or principle of morality, of each law, each rite — all the facts more or less intimately connected with them, and the particular causes which have produced, or which explain these facts, or are necessary to their recurrence. He must go deep into these subjects, trace them through different ages, in which they have given rise to so much meditation and study, so many controversies and decisions ; have connected themselves with all that has been elevated in thought or faith, in devotion or charity ; have penetrated manners, laws, civil and political institutions. On all these subjects he must possess not merely superficial and second-hand notions, but a knowledge resulting from conscientious examination, and personal study. All this knowledge is of difficult acquisition, and it is no less difficult to communicate it with success, since for this, it is necessary to penetrate the dispositions of men, in itself no easy matter, and to select always appropriate sentiments, thoughts, facts, and the proofs best suited to enlighten, move, and convince. He must understand principles and their application. Of the errors of the past, now vanished and forgotten, it will be sufficient for him to know the history. But he must carefully study and refute the errors of the times — living error, error which writes, which speaks, which powerfully agitates the

public mind, and leads to destructive consequences. To accomplish all this, a long and patient exercise of all the faculties of the intellect is necessary. The fathers, the great theologians of former days, all our great masters in the faith, became lights of the church only by such exercise. We must study with order and method, with a pure and holy zeal, with a soul filled with love to God and man, remembering the rule of St. Bernard, "to have only light is vain, to have only warmth is insufficient; both united make perfect."

Serious study is also necessary to the Preacher. It is not necessary that he should have all the science of the theologian, but he must possess a good deal of preparatory knowledge. This knowledge is to be developed, pursued, and applied in all its infinite ramifications and results. The object of the preacher is to combat the errors of the understanding and the heart, or to explain and establish truth. In other words, the end of every discourse from the pulpit is to secure the triumph of truth and virtue. Besides having a knowledge of the exact boundaries of truth and error, then, the preacher must meditate profoundly on them, particularly the former, seeking it in all its hidden recesses. He must, on the one hand, study the dispositions of his hearers, and on the other, he must reflect deeply on his subject, and incorporate with it not the dead letter, but the spirit, the substance of the evangelical doctrine. He must cast keen and searching glances into human society as it exists around him. He must make himself acquainted with the ever changing forms of delusion which seize the mind, varying with interest, education, and habit. If he must study the past, he must the present still more profoundly. He must know the prejudices of the day, whether philosophical or popular, and he must be able to point out results, particularly to show the fallacious promises of innovators.

Without an acquaintance with prevailing states of mind, and dominant passions and interests, the words of the preacher will produce little effect. Nothing more powerfully subdues an audience than a clear and vivid delineation of errors, which ordinarily lie confused in their minds. It is thus, that the eloquent speaker elevates himself above the mere vulgar declaimer. If at the same time he have the power to impart the knowledge and love of truth, which always supposes an acquaintance with the dispositions of his hearers; if to these advantages he add brilliancy of imagination, and a warmth of

soul profoundly penetrated with his subject, he will possess all the resources of genius, and it will be easy for him, with labor and patience, to secure the noblest triumphs.

We cannot follow the writer in his further reflections on the subject of preaching, in the course of which he introduces some remarks on the subject of language, on the departure from old models, and the introduction of novelties of expression.

The great preacher moves by his simplicity, by his profound convictions, by throwing his whole soul into his discourse. Style, action, thought, are all spontaneous and natural with him. If he announce the great truths of religion, he elevates himself with his subject, and transports the understandings of his hearers by the sole force of his thoughts. It is only the preacher whose mind and soul are void of sentiment and thought, it is only he who is obscure, who has a depraved taste and an ill regulated imagination, it is only he, who attempts to cover his indigence or his faults, by terms, the novelty of which is never without attraction for men always numerous, who are little capable of relishing what is true and simple.

The archbishop has no patience with this sort of preachers, whose artifices he describes at some length. The degenerate Romans crowded to the forum, and pressed around the rhetoricians of Greece, to hear a beautiful discourse on morality, and thence ran to cruel and licentious spectacles. Christians, after having heard these admired preachers, return to their pleasures and business with a faith less firm, and a conscience less accessible to remorse, and some, perhaps, will resort to the theatres, where modesty is outraged, and religion and piety cruelly immolated.

We have but imperfectly developed the writer's views of the proper qualifications of the theologian and the preacher, for we are compelled to study the utmost brevity. We pass over his three next topics, the studies suited to the pastor, the catechist, and the confessor.

In view of the large attainments necessary to these various ministrations of religion, may we not exclaim, asks the archbishop, in the language of Gregory of Nazianzen, "who shall dare to invade the sanctuary and the pulpit without preparation and without study? What! The dispenser of the mysteries of God, the depositary, the defender of truth, shall he, like a vile statue, be fashioned in haste? A man whose ministry is so elevated, who, fulfilling, as he ought, his vocation, unites his

voice with that of angels, who glorifies with them the eternal majesty; a man who is associated with the priesthood of Jesus Christ, who exercises with him sublime functions, causing sacrifices to rise from the visible altar of earth to the invisible altar in the heavens; who repairs the ruins which sin has caused in the fairest work of the Creator; who retraces in souls the bright image of God, disfigured by sin; who builds for eternity; who raises immortal edifices in the heavens; shall a man of this character be formed in a day? perchance be the work of an hour, or a moment?"

The necessity of profound study and science in the priesthood, the archbishop adds, was never greater than at present, on account of the amount of prejudice, pretension, doubt, and indifference, the result of the long efforts of irreligion, to be counteracted. Light must penetrate the souls of the clergy, the holy fire must be rekindled in their breasts by profound meditation and study; then will its rays warm and enlighten other souls now darkened or frozen by the effects of impiety.

Besides the studies more strictly professional, however, others must be taken up and pursued to a certain extent. Ecclesiastical science must by no means exclusively occupy the attention of those engaged in the sacred offices of religion. They must possess a knowledge of languages, literature, and the physical sciences; of profane history and the arts. A knowledge of all these will be of use to them, in the education of the young, and in various other ways. A minister is not expected to exhaust subjects of this kind. The study of them must be regarded as auxiliary to the study of sacred science, and not be made the principal object, except in a few cases of persons who possess rare endowments, and have a decided taste for intellectual pursuits, or historical or physical researches. Such may engage in them, and by attaining to excellence in them will reflect honor on their profession, and perform a service acceptable to humanity. For ourselves, says the archbishop, we ardently desire for the priesthood the honor of furnishing men eminent in all the sciences, and we sigh for the moment, when, having repaired its losses, it shall occupy an honorable place in learned societies, and regain the crown which the tempest at the end of the last century violently tore from its brow. Still, the objects of the ministry are not to be lost sight of, nor the claims of religion to be made subordinate to those of science. Religion is necessary to explain the enigma of the universe. It

lends aid to the physical sciences ; it does more for the moral, which are united with it by the most intimate ties. Without it duties lose their sanction, and become themselves problems. To discard religion, is to put darkness in the place of light, and banish light to the regions of darkness.

In the section which follows, on the method and style suited to discourses from the pulpit, and to ecclesiastical and religious writings, many valuable thoughts occur. The writer insists on the most thorough discipline of the faculties, and most rigid attention to the laws of mind, and laws of just reasoning. He distinguishes between the method adapted to the schools, and that adapted to a public address. The former is more severe, more slow, and cautious. When the mind has been once trained to this process, and has been well exercised in it, it may depart from it not only with safety, but with advantage. Familiar with the true signification of words, it has no need, or rarely, to recur to definitions. Habituated to correct ideas, or to deduce them one from another, the aid of a middle term becomes less necessary, and the progress of the discussion becomes more rapid, without being less sure. The mind is only occupied in choosing always the most proper expression, in following in the exposition and classification of thoughts the most natural order, endeavoring to be concise without ceasing to be clear, and ornamented and eloquent without losing anything of precision.

This is the only method proper for the pulpit, and even in works composed for the clergy exercising the ministry, or destined to the defence of religion, the most useful, or at least those the most frequently consulted, are such as are written in a method less severe than that of the schools. It is that followed by the Fathers, by Bossuet, Fenelon, La Luzerne, Bergier, and all the more distinguished apologists of religion for the last three hundred years. Still, method is necessary. The laws of mind are always the same. Always the natural connection of ideas and proofs results in light. Always the forcing together of ideas, which have no connection with each other, however ingenious, although imagination may clothe them in her most brilliant hues, produces feeble and indeterminate convictions, or what is more deplorable, dangerous errors. By neologisms, capricious contrasts, and extravagant thoughts, one is astonished, and not instructed ; while by means of principles clearly explained, and the natural order of ideas, that is, the logical order, one is enlightened himself, and instructs others.

The judgment is improved. This is essential, and if the other faculties are developed in the same proportion ; if proofs under the pen take a form the most original, if the love of the good, the beautiful, and the true, inflame the heart ; if a vigorous imagination seize on new contrasts between error always varying and truth always immutable ; if the memory is enriched with facts ; if by the aid of a sure judgment and an exquisite tact, one is able to cull from exhaustless materials, to add the imposing authority of experience to the authority of reason, it will need only persevering labor to enable him to elevate himself to a level with the greatest intellects which have ever adorned the church, or reflected honor on humanity.

Let us, says the archbishop, endeavor to acquire this solid and profound instruction. It is that possessed by all the great masters. They arrived at it through severe labors. Let us disdain the glory which is easily acquired ; it is not durable.

What has been said of method is equally true of style, the rules of which the archbishop does not stop to develop. He shall content himself, he says, with merely indicating them in describing the errors of a literary heresy, known under the name of *Romanticism*. Several pages then follow on the bad taste, bad logic, the confused medley of all sorts of styles, vague assertions without proof, frigid thoughts, pompous puerilities, bombast and extravagance, of this new and fantastic school — these demagogues of literature, who set at defiance all the laws of good writing and all the principles of common sense. Genius, it is added, must impose on itself certain laws, and not proceed at hap-hazard. Submission to these laws does not necessarily impair its originality, nor repress its sublime inspirations. The eagle mounts upward by the same physical laws as the humble sparrow, but rises on a more vigorous wing, takes a loftier flight, and enjoys a broader field of vision.

The two measures, on which the archbishop chiefly relies for the remedy of existing evils, are the conferences, that is, meetings of the clergy at stated times, for the discussion of particular subjects of interest and importance to the welfare of religion ; and the reëstablishment, on a new basis, of the Faculty of Theology. The first of these we shall pass over, and proceed to speak of the New Faculty of Theology.

This is an object which the archbishop regards with the most lively solicitude. The knowledge acquired in the seminaries, he says, is not sufficient to authorize the priest to dis-

pense with severe study during the exercise of his ministry. Experience but too clearly proves that with whatever success he commence his career, he may remain for the rest of his life undistinguished, or even fall below mediocrity, if he deliver himself over to idleness, or is destitute of the knowledge which is acquired by choice reading, united with careful meditation. In the acquisition of this knowledge the conferences will be a great help. But a more extended course of Theological study is indispensable, and to promote this, the Faculty of Theology is established on a new and improved footing.

The archbishop takes a rapid glance at the character of the ecclesiastical instruction given during the last forty years. During that term, he says, the Lectures from the chairs of the Faculty have been useless; and the reason is given. He compares them with the instruction given in the seminaries or religious houses.

From the time of the Concordat in 1801, it appears that the exercises in the seminaries have been conducted with a good deal of freedom, and in a familiar form. The old masters of conference permitted questions to be asked, as do the professors now, sometimes asking them themselves. They were not scrupulous to avoid repetition when they thought it would be useful, and they neglected no means of making themselves fully understood. Confining themselves generally to the scholastic method, they yet allowed themselves to depart from it at times, because the subject required developments, illustrations, and applications to which it was not adapted.

This method was entirely successful, because the divinity students found it useful. They were interested in it; they prepared themselves for the exercise; they listened; they took a summary of the argument. But this method could not be pursued by the public chair. The consequence was the Lectures were completely useless. The pupils had not time to prepare themselves for the two courses, and listen with advantage; and as that of the seminaries was better adapted to their wants, they of course neglected the other. The *élèves* of the numerous seminaries of Paris went every day and occupied the class seats with scrupulous assiduity, but it was with the determination not to listen to the learned Lectures which were given. These circumstances explain why the distinguished men, who have composed the Faculty of Theology since 1808, have been no more successful than their predecessors.

The instructions of the new Faculty are to take a different form. A more free method is to be adopted, but still there is to be method, and very rigid method. In every discussion the question must be distinctly stated, there must be a plan marked out, the divisions must be natural, the connection of ideas rigorous, and the laws of sound reasoning must be strictly adhered to. The proofs to be developed will be chiefly of a historical character, since the Catholic religion is founded essentially on facts. They who profess to disregard tradition still attribute as much importance as others to facts. How is it at the present day? Deists, naturalists, and others, who reject the authority of tradition, cease not to recur to it; they interrogate all oriental literatures, theogonies, cosmogonies, the philosophical and theological books of all countries, where the primitive inhabitants of the globe fixed their habitations. Wherefore a zeal so contrary to their principles? Because their principles are contrary to the nature of man, and respect for facts is conformable with it.

The teaching of the Faculty will be dogmatical as well as historical. Still, in all, light will be sought in the experience of the past. The rise and progress of opinions, and the reasons of them, will be searched out; and carefully examined, for a doctrine, as also a rule of duty, is best understood by being traced back to its source.

It will be the duty of the Professor of Hebrew, after having duly explained the language of the Old Testament, so necessary to the right understanding of the Scriptures, to direct his attention to the erroneous or too hardy interpretations which come from over the Rhine, which are not so much the fruit of a profound knowledge of language, as the result of the influence exercised over the philology of that country by an audacious rationalism.

The professor of Sacred Literature will adopt the free method pursued in the seminaries, already described. He will treat, among other things, of the authority, integrity, and divinity of the sacred books, having due reference to the doubts and objections of the Deists of the latter part of the 18th century, and of the German naturalists. He will find some knowledge of natural science and of chronology necessary, as also a degree of familiarity with the manners, laws, arts, and theology of the Pagans, and with the annals of ancient nations, whose history so often blends with that of the Hebrews. Relieved by the Hebrew professor from the task of grammatical criticism, and

by the professor of pulpit eloquence from examining the use which the Fathers made of the Scriptures, and that which the Christian orator should make of them, the Professor of Sacred Literature will nevertheless explain the different senses of the inspired books, and offer remarks on their style, and especially their poetry, viewed in reference to a literary standard.

The Professor of Ecclesiastical History has a grand career before him. Limiting himself to the reëstablishment of numerous facts which have been perverted or misrepresented, he will perform a work of immense importance. There is needed a preservative against the influence of a multitude of works, in which Christianity, and the spirit and character of the church are misapprehended or calumniated. If a good professor cannot himself bring a remedy to the evil, he may prepare the way for its correction by forming future historians well-informed on all the facts of religion. What darkness has been spread over the science of history, which has equally enveloped that of religion. At the present day more than ever the former is made use of, if not to render the other odious, at least to confound it with institutions purely human, or sometimes with such as are false and pernicious.

In placing facts in their true light, in tracing the effects of ambition, intolerance, and other vices, the professor will remark what in the transactions, which are objected to us, is censurable, but is to be ascribed to the passions of men, or the misfortune of the times; what is just, but has been unjustly condemned by irreligious prejudices; and what contains in itself a blended mass of good and evil, religion and error.

He will not confine himself to partial refutations. He will expose the radical vice of those systems in which all sorts of facts are constrained to lie, to establish some puerile or senseless paradox, which is sufficient nevertheless to give celebrity to its inventors. If, for example, one of them is pleased to find in a nation the principle of *immobility*, *permanency*, and *identity*, he will find priests, magistrates, people, *tenacious*, *obstinate*, and *opinionated*, in all their acts. Unfortunately for the author this people will be one which is remarkably yielding, which has never been reproached with the fault ascribed to it by the historian.—He does not acknowledge a revelation. Hence the idea of the Divinity, found among the ancient Gauls, must have been a *conquest of the human intellect*. He maintains, with the German visionary Herder, that from the worship of material objects

man rose to a deification of the agents of nature ; and at a later period, to that of the general laws which regulate its phenomena. History tells quite a different story ; for it shows us that these errors are the consequence of forgetfulness of God, the Creator, Preserver, and Judge of men, and Lord of the Universe. But where would be the glory of a historian, if he were found in harmony with the most ancient and authentic annals of the race ?

The Professor of Ecclesiastical History will labor to render such glory ephemeral, and by monuments not to be contradicted, will prove the error. He will demonstrate — the thing is easy — that not only the obscure historians of our epoch, but the most celebrated, must, before the examination of monuments, be read with distrust, because they advance the most contradictory assertions on the same facts, and seem to be animated by a foolish emulation to color, distort, and invert the past for the benefit of their sympathies, their antipathies, and their reveries. To make truth triumph by the same means employed of late to establish error, will be the labor at once honorable and useful of the professor of ecclesiastical history.

The Professor of Pulpit Eloquence, after illustrating the rules of the art, will speak of the more eloquent of the Fathers, and their successful or feeble imitators. He will remark upon their simplicity of expression, their style abounding in images and similitudes, and tinctured with a scriptural phraseology. He will comment on their eloquent passages, and the circumstances which inspired them, not forgetting, however, to take notice of their ordinary manner, when in their instructions and homilies they address artisans and laborers.

After the Fathers came preachers, who were too much enslaved to the scholastic method, or who were in other respects faulty. A criticism on this kind of preaching will not be without its interest and utility. It will be sufficient to institute a comparison between preachers of this kind and their successors, who, retaining only so much of this dry method as was necessary to regularity of plan, filled up their discourse with solid and just thought, altogether scriptural in its general tone and coloring, and expressed with dignity, with simplicity, and with inimitable clearness. Such were the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, and the Massillons. The professor will note their feeble and frigid copyists. These have been succeeded by a different race — some animated with a pure zeal — others ranking in the class of in-

novators, who are worse than useless to the church, who will be cited by some future professor of eloquence as models of a false and depraved taste, which cannot be too soon banished from the pulpit. The professor, as he cannot deliver a *critique* on contemporary orators, will labor by rules and examples of a just eloquence to form preachers, who shall render this *critique* less severe, when the time for writing it shall arrive.

The canon law, its history, principles, and application, too, are to be taught and illustrated by a member of the Faculty. This topic is treated at some length, but has little interest for us.

Such is a general idea of the plan and of the spirit in which it is to be pursued. The professors have been selected with care, and the whole arrangement has received the sanction of the minister of public instruction.

The Archbishop points out a distinction between the eloquence suited to a choir of the Faculty, and that suited to the pulpit, or the political tribune, and concludes with an animated address to his clergy, in which he recalls to their minds some of the motives to faithful and serious study, — as the state of the other sciences, the example of their fathers in the faith, the success of their ministry, and the consolations attending a life of so much labor and usefulness.

He gives a melancholy picture of the state of the other sciences, which he thinks are menaced with a sad decline, from the irreligious spirit in which they are cultivated. In the physical and natural sciences vast progress has been made, but in accumulating observations almost to infinity, the learned have arrived at results so minute that they become as dust in their hands. In seeking the highest reason, the last word, the general law and common tie of being, yet excluding God and religion, which can alone supply it, they engage in a vain search; and after a commencement, full of enthusiasm, we are in danger of witnessing a profound indifference in regard to the study of nature.

In psychology and metaphysics, disgust and lassitude are already visible. Literature is debased by the most reprehensible passions. History is transmuted into a cramped and contradictory philosophy. Poetry has become a sort of delirium, or has exchanged its enchanting strains for savage cries, or a wearisome monotony. Political science has become a tower of Babel, with this difference, that unlike the sons of Noah, the contending parties are now more inclined to fatal strife than to a pacific separation.

Yet amid all, the ministers of religion should be sustained and animated in their studies by faith in the final triumph of truth over the wanderings of human genius, and principles of a corrupt taste. This faith sustained and animated the great teachers who, in former ages, reflected honor on the church. Amid oppressive labors, amid distracting cares, they still studied. They studied before the voice of the people summoned them abroad, and required to be pressed to leave their studious solitude; and they still persevered in study, when it seemed impossible from the multitude of onerous duties imposed on them.

The Gregories of Nazianzen, the Basils, placed in the great sees of the East, were not less studious than Jerome in his grot at Bethlehem. St. Ambrose read and studied amid hourly interruptions. St. John Chrysostom composed his chief works under the pressure of the heavy cares of his ministry, and amid the dissensions and intrigues, which agitated the degenerate Greeks of the lower Empire. Yet how few the facilities of study then enjoyed, compared with those which exist at the present day.

When in the fifth century, the barbarians invaded or threatened all the provinces of the West, — when the energies of their savage hearts were occupied in obliterating all monuments of civilization, and spreading over the universe the veil of a profound night, — at a time so full of evil, the learned bishops — amid a thousand solitudes, the labor of instructing their flocks, of succoring the poor, and pleading the cause of the oppressed, — amid schism and strife — still studied. In a life so occupied they pleaded not want of time. Amid the noise of falling Rome, which resounded through the Universe, Jerome and Augustine still studied. Amid the catastrophes which covered the earth with ruins, they were not disheartened, and the monuments of their labors still remain.

The Fathers combatted the adversaries of truth; they vanquished ancient errors. They studied and triumphed over the philosophers and sectaries most exercised in the use of the voice and the pen. The Fathers of the third century defended by their writings the faith they were called to seal with their blood. The night consecrated to study might be followed by the day of their martyrdom, and still they studied. The times were often unpropitious, but the ardor of study still survived. The priest indeed studied little when every town and village resounded with the din of arms, but still he studied. In the

time of St. Bernard and St. Thomas, he studied much. In the age of Gerson, he studied with zeal in the universities. Bossuet studied. A bishop, the preceptor of Kings, once a missionary, in the midst of the pomp of a court, the most brilliant in the universe, he still studied, as did Fleury and Fenelon after him. The history of the church is full of the monuments of studious labor, and the call for study is still undiminished, for the errors to be combatted are not fewer now than in former times.

Here we must break off. We have given an imperfect sketch of the views and sentiments which pervade the letter. We leave the reader to make his own reflections.

A. L.

RELIGION AND GOODNESS.

IN asserting that religion and goodness are one and the same thing in the character, there is danger of giving low views of religion to those who have low views of goodness. Indeed, the origin of all the opposition, which the church has shown to the identification of morality and piety, is to be found in the low morality which has prevailed, and which usurps that sacred and spotless name. If we say that the morality of the exchange, of the shop, of the social circle, is piety, we slander religion beyond endurance. If we encourage the notion, that the amount and kind of virtue, which passes current in the world, is the religion of God and Christ, it needs excite no surprise, if the really good, and Christian, style the doctrine rank heresy. It is so.

There has never been too high a standard of duty and excellence in the church, or the world. The objection to the exclusive claims of religion, to be considered as something differing from, and beyond goodness, as the only and peculiar saving principle in the soul, is not that it demands an impracticable and exaggerated purity and holiness from man, but that it puts

men off the track of excellence, by a confusion of language and of principles ; and so instead of requiring too much, tends to content them with too little. To identify true goodness with true religion is necessary, not so much in vindication of man, as of God ; it is not so much a plea for man's weakness, as a plea for God's law. The great heresy in the world is a want of goodness. The grand and only objection to the prevailing views of religion is, that they do not promote virtue. It is to elevate the name of religion, not to exalt the dignity of virtue, that this union is declared. Virtue in her real character cannot be magnified. But it has been the perpetual loss and degradation of religion, that she dissociated herself from the protection and reputation of virtue. What pure and holy hearts now call practical religion, is only virtue — called by a new name, because her old one has been so greatly dishonored ; but religion, alas ! with the mass now applies to principles and dispositions, to which goodness will not lend her name. If virtue, to protect her sanctity, now claims the title of religion, religion, to escape popular desecration, must claim the name of *goodness*. Thus the low character of popular religion and popular virtue obliges true religion and true virtue to claim first one name and then the other, to escape alliance with either.

When goodness and virtue are exalted as the only saving possessions, it becomes very important that we should have clear and definite ideas about them. There is much mischievous confusion existing in most minds as to the meaning of these terms. Virtue is always goodness — but goodness is not always virtue. Virtue promotes the highest happiness — but happiness does not always arise from virtue. Goodness is a common thing ; virtue a rarity. Happiness is very general — but genuine and lasting felicity very infrequent.

There is a goodness belonging to our common nature, which is the source of a large part of human happiness. It surely is not an accidental or insignificant coincidence, that the only word descriptive of our nature, *humanity*, is also expressive of the sweetest charities we know. There are fountains of pity and benevolence in the great common heart of man. Children universally manifest abhorrence of cruelty, the utmost compassion for suffering, and easily learn to love any human being. Nay ! there is a kindly feeling in all hearts. All men take delight in acts of courtesy, and of substantial service. The worst men find it hard to keep their hearts from melting toward their fel-

low creatures. There is little malevolence, hatred, or spite in the world ; injury and violence are the fruits of sudden passion, not of malice. The groundwork of man is better than he thinks. We are always agreeably disappointed in the acquaintance of those who suffer, however justly, a bad reputation. There are more amiable traits about them than we anticipated. We are unprepared for many of their demonstrations of kindness. We are disposed to think them very hardly judged. Should we visit the prisons and penitentiaries of the world, we should find much less malignity and blackness of heart than we expected, or rather much less unmixed evil. If there be as much *bad* in the world as we think, there is vastly more *good*. And the good and the bad are found most intimately woven together. The dispositions of very bad men are often affectionate and sympathizing. You may sometimes find a husband and a father, whom the world suspect, or despise, and justly too, to be tenderly beloved and cherished beneath his own roof — nay, almost respected, as incapable of the sins with which the world charge him — and all through the sweetness of his temper, the tenderness of his affections. So too, we read of pirates and highwaymen, possessed of chivalrous and gentle bearing, of merciful hearts, of almost disinterested generosity — men towards whom our own affections yearn. We are apt to style these portraits inconsistent, unnatural, and injurious. On the contrary, they are the most natural and faithful delineations. They are injurious only because the good which is in them is made a matter of merit, instead of being set down to the account of our nature. It is the essential goodness of the native human heart — which thus breaks through the most reckless, abandoned character, and attracts our sympathy.

Now there has doubtless been a tendency originating in theological systems, or else in a laudable but mistaken moral sensitiveness to underrate the importance and worth of this native goodness. Because sweet dispositions, impulsive benevolence, generous sympathy, are often found in unprincipled and immoral men, because there is confessedly no virtue, or merit in them, being the spontaneous growth of our nature, it has been argued that they are of no value whatever. But this is a most hasty and wild conclusion. Our whole nature is no creation of ours, but of God's. To his honor and goodness speaks every noble or beautiful impulse of the human heart. The spontaneous goodness of our kind is more descriptive of

God's character than man's. But because man can claim no credit for his native dispositions, that does not change their essential character. Is not the eye a beautiful and useful organ, though man did not make it for himself? Are the affections less cheering, supporting and blessed, because man did not plant, and does little to sustain them in his own heart; springing as they do with irresistible life and beauty from the common soil of humanity? Is paternal love and tenderness less interesting, less beneficent, less real, because exhibited in a rude and reckless man, toward the children who are soon to learn that the Father that begot and cherishes them is an outlaw and a ruffian? When a creature of vice and crime risks life or limb from a sudden impulse of generosity in defence or rescue of a drowning child, or an assaulted woman, does the act lose its beauty, or its worth, because its author is base and degraded? Nay, is it not more shining for the very shadows out of which this heavenly beam leaps forth? Ah! the spontaneous, native goodness of man is the origin of more of his happiness, than virtue herself. How few virtuous, that is, principled characters there are! And what would the world come to, were our only reliance upon meritorious goodness! Could we expect no sympathy, no love, no kindness, but that which originates in a sense of duty, we should perish of hunger. But we rely, and safely, upon that great fund of humanity which is treasured up by heaven in the common heart; in our nature. Most, beyond comparison most of the affectionate, disinterested, serviceable actions of men spring from impulse. They are independent of character. Bad men have good natures. Unprincipled characters have kindly dispositions. There is very little merit, but nevertheless much absolute worth in the run of men; very little virtue, but great native goodness. This point ought to be distinctly seen and confessed. We must not diminish the real amount of native goodness in men; for the divine credit is concerned in it. God himself is the originator and owner of this goodness, and it is disallowing his claims to disown or discredit it. Nor must we underrate the amount of happiness that flows from these spontaneous and common graces of the human heart. It is undeniable that a vast sum of happiness exists in the world; and if we deny the power of these native impulses to bless, we leave men to infer that they are as virtuous and meritorious as they are happy. What an opiate to the conscience it is, to tell men there is no source of

happiness but virtue ; or that men are miserable in precise proportion to their deserts ! Nothing is so true, as that virtue is the highest and only certain source of blessedness ; nothing is more true than that every departure from virtue is attended by inevitable consequences, either of pain, or loss ; the pain of self-accusation, the loss of self-respect, the pain of remorse, the loss of spiritual strength and advancement. But aside from these lofty satisfactions, these great spiritual joys of our nature, there are sources of pleasure and comfort, arising in that part of our being, which is independent of our character. Thus, want of moral principle does not destroy the natural appetites, nor the pleasure which attends their gratification. It does not eradicate the domestic affections, nor blunt curiosity, nor hinder the grateful exercise of the understanding, nor pervert the beneficent tendency of man's various passions and faculties. Even while the unscrupulous tradesman is driving an iniquitous bargain, his immorality does not prevent him from deriving pleasure from the exercise of his shrewdness. There is no way of entirely defeating the benevolence of God toward his children. Such an irresistible proclivity, such a God-given inclination toward happiness, is there contrived in our very nature, that no degree of unfaithfulness utterly resists, or frustrates it.

A fatal mistake in religious instruction has been made, in attempting to persuade men, in the face and eyes of their own consciousness, that they are very miserable — and that all their wretchedness is to be ascribed to their irreligion. Practically, men answer, let it be so. If we are now suffering the consequences of our sins ; if our present degree of contentment and enjoyment is in the eye of religion *wretchedness*, we are not greatly disturbed, or anxious to change. In the eye of a discriminating observation, the amount of human happiness and contentment, springing from the native constitution of man, is so great and so satisfactory, that it is difficult to inspire men with a thirst for something better and greater. Religion and virtue find more puissant foes in the general happiness of men, than in their wretchedness. When men are wretched and forsaken, when their natural spirits, their domestic ties, their enterprise and activity fail them — then it is, that they begin to reflect upon the unsubstantial nature of that happiness, which, resulting in circumstances, can be overthrown by circumstances. Then it is, and not much before, that they perceive the destitution which has followed self-neglect — then

it is that the higher nature, which they have all along offended without much remorse, renders in its account in full; not perhaps with accusations and sharp upbraidings; but in a sense of spent resources, in oppressive languor and ennui, in a felt incapacity for happiness, in weariness of spirit. It is very possible, that while property, youth, constitution last, many men of the loosest principles and habits can smile at that list of demons of self-reproach, remorse, discontent, with which moralists tell them they are haunted. They know nothing of them. Life flows merrily with them. They sleep soundly, wake peacefully, eat heartily, and look with unfurrowed brow and unshamed faces into the eyes of their fellow men. It is no great wonder if they think morality and religion a pretence and a nonentity. Yes, none are more skeptical of the dreadful consequences of vice, than the vicious themselves. Perhaps none know them so well, as the most virtuous, since vice punishes itself more, by the blessings it forfeits, than by the miseries it invokes. But this does not last always. Worldliness and religion are both right, for both speak from experience. Vice, youthful, lusty, and thoughtless, disowns the hell, in which morality declares that it perpetually dwells. And no wonder. Youthful vice is like the sun of a southern climate, which with magical rapidity calls out a luxuriant verdure. The fields are gay and odorous with flowers, the airs intoxicating to the sense of life and happiness; woods skirt and conceal every morass, and universal beauty clothes the landscape with glory, and man with delight. But the sun that creates and nourishes this beauty does not abate his fires, when nature has attained her perfection. Under its intense rays, the vegetation ripens to rapid decay; the tranquil waters that nourished its life steam up in pestilential vapors. The grove-skirted and flower-sprinkled morass blasts with its poisonous breath the trees on its banks, the cattle at its sides; the men within the reach of its atmosphere. Parched fields, a blighted harvest, a landscape of horror and ruin, starved, or thirsting herds, and death in every habitation, attest the progress of this smiling, treacherous orb! And such is vice — so fascinating and beautiful at first, and so fatal and horrible at last.

We have endeavored to do justice to the spontaneous and universal goodness, there is in men, and to take an honest view of the amount of happiness enjoyed by those who do not seek it in virtue, or give special heed to the dictates of religion. It must be confessed that whatever the ultimate consequences of

self-neglect and impiety may be, the immediate effects are not commonly such as to banish peace, or create misery. If the majority of men are sinners, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that the majority are well enough contented with their condition, and make shift to be cheerful. We are likely to draw very false conclusions, from this fact. It would seem as if there were very little essential difference in characters; as if virtue and vice had little to do with making men happy or unhappy. But, let us specially notice, that the universal happiness of men, to the degree in which it exists, springs not from what is bad, but from what is good in them; from their divinely-created nature and divinely-ordered relations and circumstances, not from their private characters. The majority of all human actions are neither good nor bad, but indifferent; the majority of all human feelings are neither moral nor immoral, but innocent. The conscience is called on for its judgment only now and then, and of course no man can be offending his conscience, when he is not using it. We are using and enjoying our nature continually, but we are exercising or exhibiting our personal character only occasionally. This is the whole account of the prevailing peace and felicity of indifferent, or bad characters. Their happiness springs from their nature, which is in constant use — their unhappiness from their conscience, which is only in occasional activity — and the relative proportions of their moral emotions, to all their other emotions, is the small ratio of their discontent. The moralist might perhaps hastily wish that none, who disobey the great principles of virtue, should be happy at all. But God be thanked, that human virtue is not the measure of human felicity. God is not niggard of his blessings, but pours them out upon the just and the unjust, the evil and the good. But let us not fail to observe, that he does this without a particle of injustice to any, and without a moment's forgetfulness of the everlasting difference between the claims of virtue and vice. There is a vast sum of happiness, shared equally between the good and the bad, entirely irrespective of character, just as there is a vast deal of good in all men, vicious and virtuous, independent of their own efforts or will. But the happiness of virtue is peculiar to virtue, the misery of vice, peculiar to vice — vice never for an instant enjoyed the rewards of virtue, and virtue never momentarily suffered the punishment of vice. Men can do without virtue for a time without great distress — because they live meanwhile upon the

great common fund of happiness, treasured in their nature. Nay, what is still more, vice can keep up a pretty good heart, while youthful spirits and health and good fellowship last. But it is not the *vice* that laughs in the hilarity of the youthful sinner. It is the health and strength in his body, the wit in his head, the gayety in his heart. These are for the time strong enough to create a soul beneath the ribs of death. So that vice herself wears an appearance, which she had no power to *assume*, from the mere circumstances in which she stands, a bare and horrid skeleton, accidentally wreathed and buried in flowers.

But in addition to the happiness common to our nature, and which in early life, nay, for the most part, through life, prevails, there is a happiness belonging to our character, which in the end is destined to be the chief source of human felicity; the want or perversion of which is to be the principal occasion of human misery. This moral element within us, this sense of responsibility, this capacity of virtue, which plays so small a part in our early life, gradually acquires strength and importance. As the other and temporary sources of pleasure dry up; as the senses grow less acute and the passions less active; as the understanding develops itself, or experience does her work; as reflection and self-consciousness obtain their ascendancy; so does this moral nature occupy every vacancy made in the soul of man, grow into importance with the diminished importance of other things, assume whatever authority the other faculties relinquish, gradually gather to itself the power, at first dissipated through the system, and from an humble and tributary vassal becomes the rightful lord and monarch of the soul. In its hands, thenceforward, dwells the sole power to bless. It becomes the arbiter of peace and war, of joy or grief, in the heart of man. The natural, necessary tendency of human growth is moral. The moral element is perpetually becoming more essential in every man; more important to his happiness, more instrumental in his misery. In youth the *character* may have little to do with cheerfulness. In middle life it does not positively control the happiness of man, in all cases and respects, although it greatly influences it. In age it has, with an occasional exception, almost absolute determination of the misery, or felicity of men. A careless boy may be a merry one, an unprincipled adult may carry an unwrinkled brow, though there are some scars in his heart; but a wicked old man — what a hell does his hoary-head cover!

The reason why the majority of irreligious and worldly men do not experience those pangs of conscience, that remorse, which the gospel ascribes to vice, is because they are *not vicious*. They are merely not virtuous. Now vice is positive and not negative — just as virtue is something of itself, and not merely the absence of vice. God, by his eternal law, does not affix to sloth, to carelessness, to selfishness, to worldliness, the punishment that belongs to malignity, to violence, to guilty passions, to crime. Consequently the mass of men, inactive and not virtuous, suffer only the gradual decay of inward resources, lose the capacity of elevated happiness, and dwindle without anguish into moral nothingness. They perish by moral consumption, and not by violent spasms and convulsions. For the great retribution attached to the neglect of virtue is the absence of virtue's own rewards. Just as he, who will not plough and sow and labor, can have no harvest, which is the only direct consequence of his sloth, so he, who will not be virtuous, must lose the crown and joy of virtue.

Mere indifferency of character, which is the prevailing species of character, is a kind of gradual extinction of being, which it requires much hopefulness to believe may be stopped or remedied in some future sphere of action.

The moral element alone confers immortality. It is the sole principle of permanent growth and worth in the soul. Beyond a certain point there is no education possible, except moral discipline. The preparatory education of life is but the necessary foundation of this, the great education of eternity. The only happiness worthy of God to confer upon full grown men is moral happiness. He will confer none other. If not capable of receiving this, we must have nothing till we are. The *character*, which receives such partial attention from most men here, is the engrossing object of attention in a proper and ultimate state of being. The virtue, which confers so small a portion of the general happiness on earth, is the sole dispenser of felicity in Heaven.

It is for this reason alone, that religion is not content to let men be happy in their own way, because it is a temporary and perishing way. This is the occasion of all the moralizing and sermonizing against the pleasures of life, not that they are bad or wrong in themselves, but they engage and monopolize the attention which is needed for higher and truer enjoyments.

H. W. B.

THE DYING FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RÜCKERT, BY THE REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

HOPE ! thou yet shalt live to see
Vernal sun and vernal air ;
Such the hope of every tree
Stripped by autumn's tempests bare.
Hidden in their quiet strength,
Winter-long their germs repose,
Till the sap starts fresh at length,
And the new-born verdure grows.

" Ah ! no mighty tree am I,
That a thousand summers lives,
And, its winter dream gone by,
Spring-like green and gladness gives.
I am but an humble flower
Wakened by the kiss of May ;
There is left no trace of power,
As, shrouded white, I drop away."

Since thou, then, a floweret art,
Modest child, of gentle kin,
Hear thou this, and so take heart : —
Every plant has seed within.
Be it that the wind of death
Scatters thee with blast and cold,
Still thou 'lt breathe in others' breath,
Thus renewed a hundred fold.

" Yes, as I shall but have been,
Others like me soon shall be ;
Endless is the general green, —
Single leaves die presently.

Be they all I used to show ;
I can be myself no more ;
All my being lives in now,
Nought behind and nought before.

“ Though the sun, that warms me yet,
Dart through them his glances bright,
That soothes not the fate that’s set,
Dooming me to endless night.
Sun, already them that follow
Followest thou with glowing eye ;
Mock me not with that dim, hollow,
Frosty glance from clouded sky.

“ Woe’s me, that I felt thy blaze
Kindling me to my short day !
That I met thy ardent gaze
Till it stole my life away !
What of that poor life remains
From thy pity I’ll withhold ;
I’ll avoid thee, and my pains
Close in my closed self uphold.

“ Yet these icy thoughts relent,
Melted by thee to a tear ; —
Take, O take my breath that’s spent,
Everlasting, to thy sphere.
Yes, thou sunnest all the sorrow
Out from my dark heart at last ;
Dying, all I had to borrow
I thank thee for ; — now all is past.

“For every gentle note of spring ;
Each summer’s gale I trembled to ;
Each golden insect’s dancing wing,
That gaily round my leaflets flew ;
For eyes that sparkled at my hues ;
For hearts that blessed my fragrancy,
Made but of tints and odorous dews, —
Maker, I still give thanks to thee.

“Of thy world an ornament,
Though a trifling and a poor,
I to grace the fields was sent,
As stars bedeck the higher floor.
One gasp have I left me still,
And no sigh shall that be found ;
One look yet to heaven’s high hill,
And the beauteous world around.

“Let me towards thee pour my soul,
Fire-heart of this this lower sphere ;
Heaven, thine azure tent unroll ; —
Mine, once green, hangs wrinkled here.
Hail, O Spring, thy beaming eye !
Hail, O Morn, thy wooing breath !
Without complaint in death I lie,
If without hope to rise from death.”

NOTICE OF THE PROGRESS OF PEACE PRINCIPLES.

OUR attention has recently been attracted by symptoms of fresh life in the movement of peace. A new impulse has evidently been imparted to it. An activity seems to be beginning, which promises to fulfil the hopes of its friends, and scatter the apathy and unbelief of the indifferent.

It seems to belong to the history of moral progress, that it shall have stages; shall pass through alternations; be marked by eras; now go forward, now backward, now be stationary; linger sometimes slowly, like a fire that slackens for a period as if about to die away, but which is in fact only pausing, to refresh its strength, and then burst out with fresh fury. The project of laboring for permanent and universal peace was first agitated in 1815. It took immediate hold of many minds and made rapid advancement; then it languished for a time, made no apparent progress, and not only failed to command a general interest at all proportionable to its importance and promise, but was in danger of being absolutely smothered by a universal apathy, upon which the zealous fidelity of a few was able to make no impression. Now, at length, there are signs of awakening which give ground to believe that all that seeming lethargy, so like death in appearance, was only a pause of deliberation, during which a great preparation was silently made in a multitude of souls. The seeds, which had been sown and had apparently perished, were only reposing in the fattening furrow, till their natural period should be fulfilled for springing up in a thick growth of vigorous plants, to overshadow and bless the soil. They were thoughtless, faint-hearted, unbelieving souls, which imagined the sowing to be lost, because the ground looked so long barren, and no corn answered the inquiring eye of the impatient sower. They should have known better. They should have taken a lesson from the husbandman, who is not at all troubled that the ground remains barren for a while, because a long-hidden work beneath the surface is an essential preliminary to the glorious springing of the green herb above, and the final burden of an ample harvest. The seed is not quickened, except it die. The small band of believing and resolute men, (resolute, because believing,) who watched with undaunted hope the apparent deadness of the

church and the world—ridiculed by the latter, as visionary enthusiasts hoping against hope, and neglected or “damned with faint praise” by the former, as well-meaning but weak-minded,—these men are now beginning to reap their reward. They had faith that in due time it would be so, if they did not faint. That faith is now beginning to be sight. While they were saying it is yet four months to harvest, they looked up and beheld the fields already white unto the harvest. In a word, the signs of progress are so many and so manifest, that the accomplishment of the great project is to be no longer accounted a matter of hope, but of reasonable certainty; the “beginning of the end” has come. The friends of man, who have so long sustained each other by the promise that some future age shall behold what their eyes should not see, may now congratulate one another, and praise God, and take fresh courage. Certainly *we* cannot observe what is now brought to our view, without congratulatory words to them and to our race.

If any are disposed to say, that these congratulations are too early, we ought to wait, we speak prematurely; we reply, by asking them to look at the symptoms to which we refer; have they turned their eyes in this direction? have they taken any note of the premonitory signs? Let not those, who stand obstinately with their back upon the East, think themselves qualified to deny that the first rosy streaks of the dawn are on the misty horizon. Let them not insist that there is no life or sound abroad, because in their deep slumbers they have not themselves heard the early cock crowing. Let them believe those who have been awake and watching through the night, whose senses have been quickened by their vigilance, whose straining eyes and anxious ears have become so sensitive, that they catch certainty from amid the dimness which is still impenetrable by other senses, and who are now ready to shout over Christendom the tidings of the approaching morn. They are sure the day is about to break, and would fain awaken the world to rejoice.

And why should not men be ready to receive the tidings? It is nothing new, that a cause makes a long progress in profound silence; that its principles lie working in the minds of men, unobserved and unsuspected, shaping, moulding, changing their ideas, and then bursts forth at once in sudden activity and universal change. So the principles of the Reformation

long moved secretly about, and became at last thoroughly inwrought into the public mind; but the outer order of society gave no signs of change till Luther arose, and then it was simultaneous and universal. So in the French Revolutions — the first and the second; the antecedent preparation was silent and long; the catastrophe was sudden and overwhelming. So in the Temperance Reformation of the last fifteen years, which offers an illustration perfectly parallel to the case before us. The friends of that reform began hopefully more than thirty years ago; they made an impression; they spread the alarm, awakened attention to facts, infused the elementary principles; but there was only a slight advance, and then a pause — indifference — apathy; the friends of the undertaking were in a fair way to become altogether discouraged. But, meantime, the thing was working in the depths of men's minds, thoughts were maturing in the bosom of society, and by and bye, at the right time, they came forth in action, and a great revolution was rapidly accomplished. The field, on which so much labor seemed to have been unprofitably wasted, became green in one night; the seeds so long despaired of shot up everywhere, they grew steadily, rapidly, till the early planters were lost in amazement at the almost incredible harvest. It requires no extraordinary faith, no unreasonable stretch of credulity, to think that this may be the process by which the prevalence of Peace principles shall be secured, and the reign of War demolished. Why improbable, that beneath the indifference which has so long mocked the entreaties and prayers of disinterested philanthropy, there has been going on a process of preparation, which is, ere long, to surprise the inattentive world with sudden manifestations of a wide-spread change of opinion, and a resolute agreement among the nations to banish war from the world?

In order to see how far the present position of affairs gives hope, we must recollect what has been the history of the past. It must first of all be remembered, that the time has never been when some far-sighted and benevolent men have not — we do not say deplored and declaimed against the follies and wickedness of war, — but have seen the possibility of abolishing it, and have entertained the hope that it would be done. Three centuries ago Erasmus published his *Complaint of Peace*, a treatise that may well compare with any that have been written in the present century. But it seems to have produced no

effect on the opinion or action of the age; and all, who afterward from time to time echoed his voice, received no response but the hollow echo of their own words, like the empty reverberation of a trumpet among the hills, that dies away in the air and leaves no mark. Christendom still remained thoroughly unpurged of its pagan mind. Even the eloquent and soul-stirring orations of the two great preachers of their day in Britain, Chalmers and Robert Hall, seem to have made no impression beyond that of admiration for their eloquence. And Neckar, in France, by his urgent arguments and glowing expostulations, instinct with wisdom and eloquent with truth and feeling, effected nothing. All other individual efforts in like manner failed; they cast a momentary light which attracted the attention of a few, who looked and wondered for the instant, then turned away, and the darkness closed in as before.

Is there not an impressive lesson to be extracted from this fruitlessness of such powerful efforts? Do we not discover in the discouraging fact, the wisdom and divinity of the modern system of associated action? Do we not find in it a refutation of all the theoretic arguments that are sometimes broached for the superior efficiency of individual effort? No efforts more true and powerful than those of the eminent men just referred to. How happened it then that they came to nought? How happened it that Erasmus made no impression, and that for three hundred years the world went on sinning and suffering in spite of his appeal, which seemed as if it might waken and change the universe? He was alone, — that is the answer. It was the mind of an individual that reasoned; it was the voice of an individual that spoke. If Erasmus had known the force which lies in combination, and had gathered into a society the good men who felt as he did, and if that society had given itself to the work of changing the sentiment of men and bringing about the pacification of the world, with the resolute and onward spirit which characterizes all true Christian action on a great scale, — the result would have been — how different! What an alleviation of the horrors of the subsequent three hundred years! What a different condition of the world at the present time! The ultimate object might, ere this, have been very nearly, if not quite accomplished; — and the long enjoyment of universal peace would have already produced effects on the character, condition, civilization of society, whose magnitude it is difficult to conjecture. What

might not have resulted from the steady propagation of peace principles for three hundred years! But because it was the solitary voice of one man and not the acclamation of a multitude, it was overpowered by the dissonances of the world. After a brief hour nobody remembered that he had spoken. For the same reason all who lifted up the cry from time to time afterward, spoke to the winds. It was in every instance the shout of a single voice; — one voice! to balance the noise of all the captains and their shouting, the acclamations of victory, and the Te Deums of the church! And when Noah Worcester, in 1815, uttered his grieved and indignant cry, it must in the same way have died upon the air, and before this have been forgotten, if he had not taken care to *give it the power of increase and perpetuity*, by banding together a company whose office should be to repeat it with perpetual iteration, and take care that it should not fade from the audience of mankind. His book was perishable; like the “Complaint of Peace,” it was the natural, and probable destiny of the “Solemn Review” to be read and praised in its day by a few, then be shoved aside by other more practical topics, and at length be known only to the scholars and antiquarians, who should find it on the mouldy upper shelf of the public libraries; while the spirit of the world and the practices of society should remain just what they would have been if the tract had never been written. But happily, the times had changed. It had become known that united action is strength; that a great thought, born of one mind in solitude, is to be nursed and matured by the union of many in society. Therefore the principles and faith of this one man, who alone could do nothing and must soon die, were embodied in an association of brethren which could do much, and need not die; which might descend with an unquenchable and ever more vigorous action from generation to generation, might extend itself from land to land, and by degrees enlist in its ranks the great majority of Christian men; — until these principles, thus enthroned in the mind of the majority, should sway the action of society and determine the condition of the world. Happily there were good men and brave, who were ready to attempt this magnanimous design. They could not be daunted, as long as they remembered that eleven humble men, banded together in an upper room, once formed an association which has overturned the world. They organized the Massachusetts Peace Society in

the month of December, 1815 ; by auspicious coincidence, on a day of the very week, in which the treaty of Peace was signed at Ghent. Thus the solitary voice of the "Solemn Review" became the outcry of many, and insisted on being heard. As the procession passed on, another and another joined the band, till the earnest cutery swelled louder and louder on the breeze, and rolled on from state to state, across the wide seas, and over the Eastern continent, penetrating the palaces of kings, alarming the garrisons of war, and everywhere, from every class of men, calling out to join the philanthropic anthem ; till statesmen in their robes of office gave assent, and warriors laid down their trappings and their armor to join this new crusade of the Prince of Peace.

The great hope of success, then, rests, under God, upon the principle of association ; and in proportion as we witness the activity of the Peace Society, we behold the approach of the predicted and longed-for day of universal peace. The action of the Massachusetts Peace Society was never intermitted, though sometimes it evidently felt the benumbing influence of the general apathy. The unconcern, with which even the most Christian portion of the community regarded its movements, could not be other than disheartening. Yet it manfully kept on its way. It held its anniversary on the evening of the 25th of December, and then, to small audiences, were addressed Oration that were fit to move the world, and yet could make small apparent impression on the skeptical mass. Even the Reports of the active Committee of Inquiry — the result of great labor, and the depositories of astounding facts and equally astounding calculations, — seemed to be heard by the multitude with a sort of self-complacent incredulity, which seemed to say, "such things cannot be in so good a world as this ; or if they are, it is no concern of ours ; none but fanatics would meddle with them." The society, however, persevered. Dr. Worcester, gentle, serene, undoubting, sat in his sick man's chair, and pondered, and prayed, and hoped, and sent out from his retirement the quarterly *Friend of Peace* ; — not wholly in vain ; — it arrested the attention of many, and gave conviction to some, and excited an active zeal in a few. We cannot name that publication without a passing expression of our admiration, that for so long a period one man should have carried it on, almost unaided, with so perpetual a variety of argument and illustration, with a spirit never extravagant, and a zeal that never flagged, undismayed and undisheartened to the end.

Meantime he had been the instrument of bringing into the field another laborer, of devotedness equal to his own, and of physical strength unspeakably greater. His own infirmities forbad him all public activity; he could address his fellow men only from his closet and through the press. Mr. Ladd was a man of great bodily vigor, and habitual activity of life, as well as of ardent philanthropy of heart, and strong moral energy. He carried the cause into the pulpit and the lecture room. He travelled with it from town to town and from state to state. It thus reached many who could not have been affected by the press, and extended far and wide the knowledge and influence of the truth. He became the life and patron of the cause; he founded the American Peace Society which took place of the Massachusetts; living he spent upon it his time, his strength, and his money, and dying he bequeathed to it a great part of his estate, as well as the encouragement of his example. It falls to few enterprizes to possess two such devoted friends as Worcester and Ladd.

The favorite project of Mr. Ladd, to which he gave such preëminence, and which he prosecuted with such ability and resolution, that it has become the main operation of the Peace Society, both here and in Europe — was the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, whereby public controversies among civilized nations, should be decided like private controversies among civilized individuals, without appeal to arms. In efforts for the promotion of this object, he not only preached and talked and wrote and printed, but it was chiefly through his agency and influence, that a large premium was offered for a dissertation on the subject, and that a large octavo volume was published, containing several of the best papers which had been called forth by the competition for the prize. The volume may possibly be too large; but it contains a great amount of interesting and valuable discussion. Its publication has already produced distinguished consequences; directly and indirectly it has been the means of extending indefinitely the principles and the influence of the Society. It has found its way to the cabinets of ministers and to the chambers of princes; it has gained access to the tables of all the potentates and chief magistrates of America and Europe; and while it has not, that we are aware, been rejected by any, it has been received by some with expressions of strong approbation and decided concurrence. It cannot be altogether without effect, that the minds of those,

to whom belongs the practical decision in the last resort, have been addressed by so powerful representations, and have manifested a willingness to listen.

While America has thus steadily moved onward, Europe has not been slow to do her share. A "Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace" was formed in London, in June, 1816, only six months after that in Boston, and is still laboring zealously and effectually. Its principal operations have been by the press. The "Herald of Peace" has been conducted with great spirit, and has the merit, not always belonging to such journals, of increasing in value as it grows older. A number of admirable Tracts has been published and circulated, distinguished especially by copious and powerful illustrations from history. And recently there has been brought out, by the offer of a premium of one hundred pounds, a fine Essay on War and Peace, with a special argument in favor of a Congress of Nations.*

On the Continent of Europe, a beginning has been made at Geneva. That remarkable little city at the foot of the Alps — famous through centuries for its intellectual culture and its eminent men — has been first to sound this cry of reform, and advocate the great cause of human rights. The Count de Selon founded a Peace Society many years ago, and devoted himself, much in the way and the spirit of our own countryman, Ladd, to extend and establish its philanthropic principles. And now, from recent accounts, it appears, that the well-known "Society for Christian Morals," in Paris, has taken up the cause with all the enthusiasm that characterizes the French people; and with a promise of perseverance which the past history of that society warrants us in believing will not be forfeited.†

* This Essay has been handsomely printed under the following title: "*Peace, Permanent and Universal: its Practicability, Value, and Consistency with Divine Revelation. A Prize Essay, by H. T. J. Macnamara.*" It is dedicated to Viscount Palmerston. The subject is distributed as follows: — Part I. War, under all circumstances, inconsistent with the precepts and the spirit of Christianity. Part II. The Duties of Magistrates and Peace Officers in cases of tumults, insurrections, and invasions, &c. Part III. The best means of settling all disputes between nations, without recourse to arms. The Essay is written with clearness and vigor; its statements on all the most important points are strong and satisfactory, and it well merits a place among the many good treatises which the cause has called forth.

† We refer our readers to the late numbers of the London *Herald of Peace*, and the Boston *Advocate of Peace*, for spirited notices of the

America, England, Switzerland, France, ; when the philanthropy of four such nations, — situated as these are, and having such relations to the world, — is awakened to make common cause in such an enterprise as this, there is truly ground for hope. The beacons lighted on four such hill-tops cannot fail to cover Christendom with a universal illumination, whose searching blaze shall expose the enormities of blood and crime, which have lain concealed in the dark places of the half-civilized world. When fairly exposed, they will not long be suffered to exist. Society is now so far advanced, that men only need to be *enlightened*, and they will act. Let those four peoples faithfully watch and trim the lights they have set up in the world, and, in the new day which they kindle, men will turn to a new work and raise up in society a new life. What may not rationally be hoped from the urgent coöperation of four such central powers? Let them send forth their agents — let them prompt the exhortations of the pulpit — let them enlist the activity of the press — and what effect may not be wrought on opinion before the century closes? The slave-trade, — slavery, intemperance, giant-tyrants, ruling with wide despotism — have been put under the bann of opinion, and their power has been shaken by the indignant sentiment of the world; a sentiment called forth, animated, directed, by a Christian zeal, which acted through the press, the pulpit, and the earnest address to assemblies of listening men. War has no more power than they to withstand the assaults of Divine truth and human love. Assail it in the same way, with the same spirit, and with equal perseverance, — it can no more stand, than the impregnable Bastille could stand before the determined siege of the excited multitudes of Paris.

The great instruments of attack, as we have said, are three : — living agents to address the listening ear, — the press, and the pulpit. Much less has thus far been done by the agency of the first than is desirable and wise. A larger number of men of powerful speech must be employed to move among the masses, and awaken the general mind. They might find their way where a book never goes, and get access to ears that never hear a preacher. We may not hope from their labors such results as

mission of M. Rigaud to Paris, the animated meeting of the Society for Christian Morals, and the eagerness with which it was resolved to secure, by offer of a large premium, a powerful dissertation on the great topic. They will find the whole well worth their attention, and full of encouragement.

were witnessed in former days, when the address to the ear was almost the only method by which men could be reached, and when hearers were less distracted by appeals on a variety of subjects; when Peter the Hermit waked the enthusiasm of Europe, or even in the later days of Whitefield and Wesley, who worked out their great plans by the voice. Yet even now, we have daily demonstration of the power of speech and the necessity of employing it, whenever anything of moment is to be done in behalf of extensive interests. What would be the fortune of the great movements in politics, or the great enterprises in philanthropy, without the systematic, persevering use of this agency — this summoning together the people to be informed, excited, wrought upon, and made to take part in the operations proposed? It is thus, that the mass is moved and carried forward. The inconsideration and apathy, which have done so much to baffle the purposes of the friends of peace, are in no way so likely to be removed, as by the fiery assaults of the eloquent speaker. Thousands will be attracted and won by an orator, who would see the shower of books and tracts pass over them, without so much as asking what it meant, even though it grew to a storm like the deluge. Pains ought to be taken to enlist men of powerful utterance, and send them through the world, to lecture, to harangue, to argue, expostulate, exhort; —eloquent men, who can *compel* men to hear. When the four central depositories of this spirit shall have filled their several countries with such men, having compelled men to listen, they are sure of their end; for, if men will but listen, they will know the truth, and truth will make them free.

This mission of speakers and lecturers is a very different thing from the action of the pulpit. The pulpit is limited to the setting forth of the religious argument, and appealing to men as Christians. Much wider ground may be occupied by the other agents, who may use a variety of materials which must be excluded from the range of the Sabbath ministry. Yet there is an opportunity and an authority belonging to the sacred desk, which it would be suicidal not to employ to the utmost extent. It is the moral and religious abomination of war, — its opposition to Christianity, its deadly hostility to all the glorious purposes which Christ came to effect, — it is these, which make war the master curse of the world. That Institution, then, which was placed in the world for the very purpose of defending and promoting the designs of Christ, is im-

peratively bound to seek the destruction of this its most powerful foe. That pulpit, which never discharges the anathema of God against this proud opponent of Heaven, is false to its trust, and fails of its legitimate influence. But that, which speaks faithfully and in season, rears up a congregation of men, which will neither fight, nor tolerate fighting. The American Peace Society has discovered the wisdom and duty of seizing on this instrument. It has engaged some hundreds of ministers to preach an annual sermon on this subject, and is seeking to multiply the number until every American pulpit shall once a year at least resound with the loud battle-cry of peace. When this shall be done, who does not see that the communities of the next generation will have been trained under influences so devotedly opposed to war, that no more soldiers could be enlisted from among them than pirates? And when all the preachers of the Christian world shall be engaged in this duty, it is plain that war between nations, all whose separate congregations have thus become virtually Peace Societies, would be impossible. How long would it take to effect this, if it were seriously undertaken? Perhaps no project is better worth pursuing. "Opinion is Queen of the world;" change the opinion of the world, and war ceases, of course. The Christian pulpit might change the opinion of so large a part of the world in fifty years, that an army could not be enlisted, and war would cease for want of soldiers to fight.

We may be told that in this we talk extravagantly. It may be; but we are disposed to ask, on the other hand, whether the influence of the pulpit is not greatly underrated. Is it considered to what an extent it possesses, and must inevitably exercise, the power of forming the opinions of the vast multitudes who sit under its instructions during childhood and youth? The majority would unavoidably imbibe their tone of thought and sentiment on this subject, from the venerated voice of the pastor under whom they are educated. And with a truth so obvious as this — with means of effecting a grand result so simple, so powerful, so near at hand — with this ability to bestow the most inestimable boon on the world — how can we witness, without impatience, the almost universal apathy and silence of the pulpit; how observe, without shame, that this tremendous assemblage of crimes and sufferings has been, for eighteen centuries, opposing itself to Christianity and happiness, while the public messengers of the Prince of Peace have but

rarely been heard in expostulation, and even very generally been perverted into allies and auxiliaries of the insatiable destroyer! If the Peace Society should do nothing more, it would bestow an indescribable benefit by calling attention to this inconsistency. No one hereafter can be found so thoughtless as to desecrate the holy place with a flourish of pagan blasphemy, like that, with which Robert Hall closed his sermon to the volunteers. When the whole company of preachers shall have withdrawn their patronage from the military spirit, and steadfastly taught that the servants of Jesus cannot fight, the church will exercise, unostentatiously but righteously, as decided a power over the kingdoms of the world, as it did in the dark days of its unhallowed despotism; it then proudly trod upon the neck of governments for its own aggrandisement; but now, by its gentle words of truth and love, its doctrines of brotherhood and equal rights, it would so move the hearts of society, as quietly to wrest from the civil arm its long-possessed power to demoralize where it ought to elevate, and destroy where it ought to bless.

The other agency, to be added to the two just referred to, is that of the press. It is unnecessary to say much about it. Its use, "its omnipotence," is sufficiently understood, and the friends of peace have been faithful to avail themselves of it. We only would say, that they should "abound therein more and more;" as indeed they show themselves not backward to do. To their valuable collections of essays, tracts, and periodical journals, and their contributions to the newspapers, both religious and secular, they are making daily additions. The Literature of Peace has become quite voluminous; and, simply as literature, it deserves attention, and is entitled to commendation. Indeed it is rich. It has great variety, copiousness, and energy. It possesses a great deal of vigorous argumentation, overflows with historical illustration, and burns with frequent eloquence alike of logic and pathos, description and persuasion. That department in literature has no mean claims, which possesses Discourses from the three masters of the modern pulpit, Chalmers, Hall, and Channing; the Treatises of Dymond and Upham; the Letters of Captain Thrush; the Essays of Worcester and Ladd; the Tracts of the London Society, and the American Prize Essays. These have been for a long time published, and are some of them extensively known. Other works have been more recently issued, of not inferior interest. The Prize Essay of Mr. Macnamara, lately published

in London, we have already remarked upon. Another work of great value is that of Judge Jay, of New York.*

In this treatise the author, with great clearness and conclusiveness, without the slightest approach to declamation or passion, in the style of a judicial statement, sets forth the wickedness and folly of war, and its utter inefficiency to the accomplishment of its boasted aim; illustrates the argument by a rapid and bold survey of the history of modern Europe; and replies briefly to the most plausible arguments on the other side. He then turns to the other part of his subject, and sets forth his "Plan" for preserving Peace. This embraces what is peculiar and characteristic in the publication. It is seemingly a dissent from the favorite project of the Peace Societies, that, namely, of attempting to persuade the Christian nations to agree simultaneously to the creation of a Tribunal for the adjustment of all future differences, without appeal to arms. He thinks that they are aiming at too much in this attempt; that such a plan must probably fail from its very magnitude; that so vast a scheme can only be brought about step by step; it must begin between some two nations, and through their example and influence spread to a third and fourth, until, in the course of time, it shall embrace all.

"It is not surprising that those who suppose such a tribunal can only be established by a simultaneous movement among the nations, who are to continue warring with each other till the signal is given for universal peace, should be startled at the boldness and absurdity of the project. Of such a project *we* are wholly guiltless. We have no hope or expectation, in the present state of the world, of a general and simultaneous negotiation throughout Christendom, in behalf of a tribunal for the decision of national differences and the suppression of war. Such a movement can only be expected *after* an extensive, although partial abandonment of the military policy; and must be demanded and effected by the pacific sentiments of mankind. We have no hesitation, therefore, in avowing our belief, that, under existing circumstances, the idea of a Congress of Nations for the extinction of war, is utterly chimerical. But both reason and experience warrant the hope, that some one nation may set an example, which, through the blessing of Providence, may be made instrumental in ushering in the reign of universal peace." —pp. 38, 39.

* "WAR AND PEACE; the Evils of the First and a Plan for preserving the Last. By William Jay." 8vo. pp. 48. The copy before us is of a London edition, of 1842.

We are not sure that the author's understanding of the project, which he seems to oppose, is entirely correct, or that its "absurdity" is such as he describes it to be. We do not apprehend that the Peace Societies, more than he himself, have any expectation, "in the present state of the world," of effecting a "general and simultaneous negotiation" on this question. They anticipate a very gradual advance toward such an event; probably by one step at a time; and, if they should distinctly describe the steps to be trodden, it is not unlikely that they would be found identical with those proposed by our author. For they, too, are doubtless fully aware, that, "under existing circumstances," and before it is "demanded by the pacific sentiments of mankind," the project cannot possibly be executed. The only actual question, then, is, What is the best way of making preparation for the ultimate result? Even on this point we are not clear that any difference of opinion exists; for it has already been the policy of the society, in advocating the great measure of a Congress of Nations, to attempt precisely what Judge Jay recommends — that is, to induce the government to submit the decision of difficult questions, as they arise, to friendly arbitration; and, in one instance at least, if we mistake not, it has endeavored to procure a special provision to be inserted in a Treaty, that in *all cases, hereafter arising*, of misunderstanding between the two powers, recourse shall be had to arbitration, and not to the sword. Now, this is certainly making as rational and practical a beginning as can be desired; and, as we quite agree with Judge Jay, that this all-important revolution in state policy can only be accomplished gradually, we are glad to know that they, who have actively under their charge the efforts to promote it, are not destroying their chance of success by chimerical and absurd notions. Excepting that they keep expressly in view, prominently and boldly, the consummation at which they aim, we see no observable difference between their plans and that of this author.

This Plan is developed in a very satisfactory manner; and we have no doubt that its publication will materially conciliate favor to the entire design. He first seeks to show that no nation is so favorably situated for making the beginning as the United States; he describes in what manner the experiment should be first made; "until, at last, a union might be formed of every Christian nation, for guaranteeing the peace of Christendom, by establishing a tribunal for the adjustment of national

differences, and by preventing all forcible resistance to its decrees." The following passages will be found sufficiently to explain the project, and to show how far it agrees with, and in what respects it differs from, and to what extent it is more practicable and hopeful than the common scheme, a Congress of Nations. We should be glad, if its length permitted us, to copy the whole statement, as we are sensible that very incomplete justice is done to it by our abbreviation. Our hope is, however, that our readers will be induced to refer to the Essay and study the entire work.

"Let us then inquire whether a mode for preserving peace may not be devised that will shock no prejudice, and excite no reasonable alarm. * * *

"Suppose, in our next treaty with France, an article were inserted of the following import: — 'It is agreed between the contracting parties, that if, unhappily, any controversy shall arise between them in respect to the true meaning and stipulation in this present treaty, or in respect to any other subject, which controversy cannot be satisfactorily adjusted by negotiation, neither party shall resort to hostilities against the other; but the matter in dispute shall, by a special convention, be submitted to the arbitrament of one or more friendly powers; and the parties hereby agree to abide by the award which may be given in pursuance of such submission.'"

"To what well founded objection could such a stipulation be subject? It is true, treaties of this kind have been but of rare occurrence, but all experience is in their favor." * * *

* * "We can scarcely anticipate any future national difference, which it would not be more safe and prudent to submit to arbitration than to the chance of war. However just may be our cause, however united our people, we cannot foresee the issue of the conflict, nor tell what new enemies we may be called to encounter, what concessions to make. We have already partially commenced the experiment of arbitration, by referring three of our disputes to as many European sovereigns."

* * * "Once assured by such permanent treaties with France and Britain, we should find our alliance courted by the other powers of Europe, who would not readily consent that these two nations should alone have guaranteed to them continued peace, and commerce with the United States. Hence there can be no doubt that they would cheerfully enter into similar treaties with us. Under such circumstances we might offer to our South American neighbors the same stipulations, with full confidence of their cordial acceptance." * * *

* * "Before long, minor States would commence the experiment, and the example would be followed by others. In time these treaties would be merged in more extensive alliances, and a greater number of umpires would be selected; nor is it the vain hope of idle credulity, that at last a union might be formed of every Christian nation, for guaranteeing the peace of Christendom, by establishing a Tribunal for the adjustment of national differences, and by preventing all forcible resistance to its decrees."— pp. 40 - 46.

We must not omit, among the recent publications to which we have alluded above, the address of the President of the American Peace Society, at the anniversary in May last.* Such addresses are usually and unavoidably of an ephemeral character, which answer their immediate purpose and are forgotten. This is one of those, which may be made useful in a protracted existence, and whose circulation among the tracts of the Society would do good service. It is full of right thoughts expressed with strength and feeling; very decided, fair, and Christian, with occasional passages of singular pithiness and some originality. The appearance of such pamphlets confirms all that we venture to expect from the auxiliary agency of the press.

Here we pause for the present — abruptly; much remains unsaid. Many auspicious signs of growing zeal, activity, and progress, remain to be noticed on some future occasion. Meantime let the friends of religion and humanity, "thank God and take courage." The history of the past, the omens of the present, and the predictions of Providence and revelation concerning the future, are all eloquent with promise. The day for doubt and hesitation has gone by. Hope has become assurance. From every quarter, as the world advances, it is testified to, with stronger emphasis every day, that nothing so essentially irrational as war, so intrinsically barbarous, so inimical to the true interests of an advancing civilization, and to the doctrines and laws, the spirit, purposes, and promises of Christianity, can hold its place against the well-concerted, persevering assaults of reason, humanity, and faith.

H. W., jr.

* "WAR AND CHRISTIANITY: An Address before the American Peace Society, on the fourteenth anniversary in Boston, Massachusetts, May 23, 1842. By Samuel E. Coues: Published by request of the Society, at the Depository, No. 22, Court Street. 8vo. pp. 26."

THE WIDOW'S SON.

During the last season I was called to visit an interesting young man at that time dangerously ill. He had been a seaman, and was on board the *Barque Burlington*, during her last voyage. This ship being loaded with cotton, and having a crew of fourteen hands, on March 10th, 1840, while in the Gulf Stream, was struck by lightning. The events stated in the following lines are literally true. I have in my possession the crucifix, and the journal kept by the young man.

THE swallow skims the meadow ground,
The bloom is on the hawthorn spray,
The sky is fair, and all around
Seems fitting the sweet month of May.

The violet lifts its modest head,
The snow-drops their white buds unfold,
The clover shines like ruby red,
And butter-cups like stars of gold.

Nature hath now a magic spell,
To nerve the mind and soothe the heart ;
But what of this know they, who dwell
Within the city's crowded mart ?

Yet, even here, the softened air
Goes with a milder influence by,
To smooth the furrowed brow of care,
And change to joy sad sorrow's sigh.

Thus comes the breeze to one, who now
Watches beside her dying son ;
She sees the death-dew on his brow,
She knows his course is well-nigh run.

Long has she felt a mother's love,
Has watched him from his earliest day ;
And here she leans in grief above,
To see life's current ebb away.

That manly brow, that noble form,
Which nothing now from death can save,
Has met the fury of the storm
On land and on the ocean's wave.

"How often," did the mother say —
"When he was on the stormy sea,
Did I kneel down to God, and pray
That he might be restored to me."

"And then I felt if he were near,
Where I could rest upon his arm,
I should have nothing more to fear,
And he would be secure from harm."

"Yet now, that he no more doth roam
Mid strangers 'neath a foreign sky,
But rests within his humble home,
'T is but to lay him down — and die !"

"But God, He knoweth what is best,
And should he take my only son,
I know his spirit will be blest,
And therefore may God's will be done."

Here, as to give her heart relief,
She stooped and kissed her darling child,
She struggled with her inward grief,
Then raised her eyes to heaven — and smiled.

She felt the power of Holy Trust,
Of Christian Hopes that in her dwell,
Which, when a loved one rests in dust,
Can bow, and feel that all is well.

She would not cherish idle fears,
Nor yield her heart to anguish wild ;
But smiling oft amid her tears,
She calmly talked about her child.

She said that even while a boy,
Though poor, his feelings were refined,
And that he asked no greater joy,
Than he from his pure thoughts could find ;—

And often in his boyish dream,
With simple feelings bright and free,
He floated down the inland stream,
And fancied it the heaving sea ;

And he would read of those who sail,
With fearless heart and daring high,
Mid howling storm, — and rushing gale, —
And tempests darkly sweeping by ;

Of vessels cutting through the brine,
Parting the waves with iron keel,
While heaven's hot lightnings round them shine,
And bursting thunders o'er them peal.

Yet tales like these but stirred him more,
And as he felt each passing breeze,
He panted to push off from shore,
And rock upon the stormy seas.

He loved indeed his mother well ;
Yet when he walked in woody glen, —
Even there his thoughts would often dwell
On ships, and on sea-faring men.

Until at length his mother gave
To his fond wishes her consent,
And then, with heart free as the wave,
A mariner to sea he went.

He cherished feelings pure and high,
As on each distant soil he trod ;
And was, beneath whatever sky,
True to himself and to his God.

He was as cheerful as the light,
And therefore was beloved by all ;
Strong in the power of inward might,
And ever prompt at Duty's call.

Thrice did he foreign countries roam, —
And thrice of perils past did tell, —
Thrice was he welcomed back to home, —
And thrice he heard the sad farewell.

Yet once again his native land
Grows dim before his backward gaze, —
And seas by foreign breezes fanned
Are flashing in the noon-tide blaze.

A tropic sun above them pours
Its stifling heat ; and as they reach,
Ghastly and wan, those distant shores,
A pestilence has swept the beach.

Feeble and sick he lies ; the while
A stranger watches by his bed ;
Dark eyes gaze o'er him with a smile,
And cool hands press his aching head.

Sweet was the voice and kind the look,
That gently watched above him there ;
And, with her crucifix and book,
She often knelt in earnest prayer.

And when, restored, he left that land,
Their eyes with parting tears were dim,
And when in his he clasped her hand,
She gave the crucifix to him.

And while he sailed upon the deep,
The crucifix was with him there ;
And ere he closed his eyes in sleep,
Her name was murmured in his prayer.

Upon his home-bound voyage at night,
When blackness veiled each earthly form,
The dark clouds gathered in their might,
And burst in fury and in storm.

The surf is o'er the top-mast borne, —
Through heaven the hissing thunders fly, —
The sails are into ribbons torn, —
And blazing fire-bolts blanch the eye.

Hark ! — the stout main-mast now is rent
In splinters by the tempest's ire, —
Her iron spikes like straws are bent, —
Oh, heavens ! the vessel is on fire !

See ! See ! — the forked flames burst out ! —
Make fast each plank beneath your feet !
Oh, dash the briny waves about,
And stifle the consuming heat !

The morning sun its splendor throws
Upon the storm-tossed floating wreck ;
The crew, still struggling mid their woes,
Are toiling on the burning deck.

Five lingering days they toil, to keep
The flame from bursting round them there,
Five lingering nights upon the deep
They float, as if in dumb despair.

Their aching sight is stretched in vain,
From morning's prime to evening late ;
No distant ship upon the main
Draws near, to snatch them from their fate.

They gaze and toil, — they toil and gaze, —
Mid famine dire and raging heat ; —
The deck, crisped by the hidden blaze,
Can scarcely now support their feet : —

But look ! a vessel heaves in sight !
Bravely that gallant ship draws near ;
The boats are lowered ; each heart beats light ;
Thank God ! there is no more to fear !

They all are safe : but still was turned
The gaze of that exhausted crew
To where the blackened hulk still burned,
Blazing within their dizzy view.

Swift the fire gains : — and now outflash
Those flames by precious fuel fed,
And the burnt wreck, with one wild crash,
Through the black water sinks like lead ! —

A month goes by, and then once more
Their wanderings are at end ;
They tread upon their native shore,
And greet each old familiar friend ;

And one who lands with right good-will,
Gratefully looks to heaven above ;
The crucifix is with him still,
And still he shares a mother's love.

Oh, never more he'll mount the mast,
Or sail before the ocean breeze ;
His strength has gone, his power has past,
He sinks beneath a slow disease : —

Slowly he sinks, and day by day,
He feels his race is nearly run,
And, as he gently fades away,
The mother watches o'er her son.

Humble their home, and poor their fare,
But holy joy within them burns ; —
She watches with a mother's care,
And he a mother's love returns.

It is her arm supports his head,
He is her son, her joy, her pride :
A bible rests upon his bed ;
A crucifix is by his side.

Not long will he know sorrow now ;
Short are the throbs that heave his breast ;
The death-dew gathers on his brow,
Softly he sinks in peaceful rest.

Oh long has lived that mother's love !
Him she has watched from life's first day !
And here she sadly leans above,
To see life's current ebb away !

She pressed his hand, — " Oh now," she said,
" What can I ever know of joy ?
The last hope of my life has fled ! —
Oh speak once more, my darling boy !"

Then, ere he closed his eyes in rest,
He sought her sorrow to beguile ;
And as her hand in his he prest,
Calm was his look and sweet his smile.

As if a message from the sky
Had come to sanctify her will ;
It seemed as if that kindling eye
Her heart with heavenly power did fill.

The struggle's o'er : — closed are those eyes ;
The soul hath gently passed away ; —
See ! as in sleep before us lies
His manly form — but cold as clay !

And now that form, that braved so well
The thousand perils of the wave,
Is borne, — while tolls the solemn bell, —
To rest within a church-yard grave.

The swallow skims the meadow ground,
The bloom is on the hawthorn spray,
Tho sky is fair, and all around
Seems fitting the sweet month of May.

But often shall this scene impart,
When spring shall its brief course have run,
A joy to this sad mother's heart,
As she reflects upon her son.

Oh, holy are the links that bind
The living to the dead in love ;
For while they linger here, the mind
Communes with them in realms above !

R. C. W.

CICERO ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

[From the *Tusculan Questions*,—continued from page 150.]

XXV. **WHAT** then is the drift of this discourse? What that power (of memory) is, and whence, I think may be understood. Certainly it is not of the heart, of the blood, of the brain, nor of atoms. Whether it is breath or fire I know not; nor am I ashamed, as they are,* to confess my ignorance of what I do not know. If I might affirm anything upon a subject so obscure, be the soul breath or fire, I would swear that it is divine. What? Pray tell me, does this so great power of memory seem to you to be sprung from, or formed of earth, or of this cloudy and misty heaven? If you see not what this thing is, yet you see of what sort it is; if not even that, yet certainly you see how great a thing it is. What then? Is it a capacity in the soul into which, as into a vessel, all that we remember is poured? That, indeed, is absurd; for how can we understand a vessel, or any such figure of the soul; how understand, at all, so great a power of holding? Do we think the soul to be impressed like wax, and memory to be the traces of things stamped on the mind? But what traces can there be of words, what of things themselves? Besides, what space would be great enough to contain so many impressions? What, then, is that power which investigates hidden things, which is called invention and reasoning? Does it seem to you to be formed of this earthy, mortal, and perishable nature? Or, who first gave names to all things? which seemed to Pythagoras to indicate the highest wisdom; or, who collected men, scattered here and there, and united them in society? who reduced the sounds of the voice which seemed infinite, within the few marks of the letters? who traced the courses of the wandering stars, their progressions, their pauses? All these were great men; and they greater who discovered the arts of agriculture, of clothing, of architecture, the means of preserving life, of security against wild beasts, by which, being softened and refined, we have advanced from these useful sciences to the more elegant accomplishments. For we receive great delight through the medium of the ear, the nature and variety of sounds being discovered

* Certain philosophers before alluded to.

and reduced to rules ; and have gazed upon the stars, those fixed in certain places, and others wandering, in name, not in fact. He, who first saw into these revolutions and all their motions, proved that his own soul was like his, who had framed them in the heavens. For, when Archimedes connected the motions of the moon, the sun, and the five planets, in a sphere, so that one revolution might govern motions the most unlike in slowness and velocity, he did the same thing as the God of Plato, who, according to the *Timæus*, built the world. Because, if such a result could not take place in the universe, without the power of a God, neither could Archimedes imitate with his sphere those motions, without a divine genius.

XXVI. Nor do those better known and more tasteful arts seem destitute of this divine power ; so that, I think, the poet pours forth his deep and full song, not without the aid of a celestial impulse to his mind ; and eloquence, abounding in sonorous words and rich thoughts, flows not except by this higher faculty. But, philosophy herself, the mother of all the arts, what is it Plato asks but a gift ? But, I say, what is it but an invention of the Gods ? It is this which has trained us to the worship of the Gods, then to human justice which has its place in the intercourse of mankind, then to modesty and magnanimity. This, too, has dispelled darkness from the soul, as from the eyes, so that we might see all things, above and beneath, first, last, and midst. Certainly, that seems to me a divine power, which effects so many and so great things. For, what is the memory of things and words ? what, too, is invention ? Certainly that, than which nothing greater can be comprehended in a God. For, I do not suppose the Gods rejoice in ambrosia, in nectar, and in wine poured out by Hebe ; nor do I listen to Homer, who says that Ganymede was stolen by the Gods on account of his beauty, that he might become the cup-bearer of Jupiter. There was no just cause why so great a wrong should be done to Laomedon. Homer invented these fables and transferred human attributes to the Gods ; I would rather he had transferred divine attributes to us. And what are divine attributes ? To be strong, to be wise, to invent, to remember. Therefore, as I say, the soul is divine ; as Euripides dared to say, is a God. And, indeed, if God is breath or fire, the same is the soul of man. For, as that celestial nature is free from earth and moisture, so is the human soul free from both these things. But, if there be a certain fifth nature, as first inferred by Aristotle, this then is common both to Gods and souls.

XXVII. Following out this opinion, I have in my work, entitled "*Consolation*," expressed these thoughts in the following words: "No origin of souls can be found on earth. For, there is nothing in them of a mixed and compound nature, or which might seem to be born and to be formed from the earth; for, they have nothing of a moist, airy, or fiery nature; for, there is nothing in these natures which can possess the power of memory, of judgment, or reflection, which can hold in mind past events, foresee the future, or embrace the present — which attributes are divine; nor will there ever be found a source whence they can come to man, except from God. Therefore, the nature and power of the soul is peculiar; quite separate from these common and well-known natures. Hence, whatever that is, which perceives, which knows, lives, and flourishes, it is celestial and divine, and for that reason is necessarily immortal. Nor, indeed, can God himself, understood by us as a being perceiving and moving all things, be comprehended in any other way, than by a mind unfettered and free, separated from all mortal composition, and itself endowed with eternal motion." Of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human mind.

XXVIII. But where is this mind, and what is it? Where is yours, or what is its nature? Can you tell? If I have not all the means I might wish to have of understanding this question, with your leave may I not use those which I have? The soul has not the power of seeing itself. But like the eye, the soul, not seeing itself, sees other things.

A. But it cannot see, which is of least consequence, its own form.

M. Perhaps so; and yet it may; — but let us leave that question — force certainly, power, sagacity, memory, motion, and swiftness, it sees; these are great, these divine, these eternal. What its appearance may be, or where it dwells, we are not even to inquire. When we behold the form and brightness of the heaven and the velocity of its revolution, so great that we cannot conceive it; the vicissitudes of day and night; the changes of the seasons, divided into four parts, fitted to the ripening of fruits and the proper tempering of bodies, and the sun, the leader and moderator of all; and the moon, by the gradual increase and diminution of its light, marking the days, as if by signs of the calendar; and, then, the whole circle of the heavens, divided into twelve parts, in which the five stars are borne around, preserving constantly the same courses, though with

motions widely different ; the nightly form of the sky, adorned on every side with stars ; the ball of the earth rising out of the sea, fixed in the midst of the universe, habitable and cultivated in its two remote extremities, one of which we inhabit — placed under the pole toward the seven stars, “ whence the storm-bearing winds of the north heap up the freezing snows,” the other southern extremity, unknown to us, which the Greeks call *ἀντιχθονα* (opposite land) ; the other parts of the earth being uncultivated, either frozen up with the cold or parched with heat ; while here, where we dwell, “ the heaven does not fail at the proper time to shine, the trees to put forth their leaves, the joyful vines to put out their tender shoots, the boughs to bend with the weight of the fruit, the seed to repay largely in harvest, all things to flourish — the fountains to gush out and the meadows to be covered with flowers ;” then the multitude of animals, some suitable for food, others for cultivating the earth, some for bearing burdens, and some for furnishing clothing for the body ; man, himself, the contemplator of the heavens and the Gods, and their worshipper — all lands and seas obedient to his use ;

XXIX. when we observe these and innumerable other things, can we doubt that some author, if these are created, as Plato thinks, or if they have existed from eternity, as Aristotle maintains, some governor of so great a work and design presides over them ? Thus, you cannot see the mind of man, as you cannot see God ; but, as you know God from his works, so from the memory of things, and from invention, by the velocity of motion and all the beauty of virtue, recognise the divine power of the mind.

In what place then is it ? Indeed, I think in the head ; and I can give a reason why I think so, — but of this at another time — for the present, wherever the soul is, it is certainly in you. What is its nature ? Peculiar, I think, and its own. But grant that it is fiery or aerial, that affects not our argument. Consider this only, as you know God, though you know not his place and his appearance, so your soul should be known to you, even if you know neither its place, nor its form. In investigating the nature of soul, we cannot doubt, unless we are evidently ignorant of physics, that there is nothing in it of a mixed kind, nothing concrete, united, and joined, nothing double. If this be so, certainly it cannot be separated, nor divided, plucked apart nor drawn asunder ; nor, therefore, can it perish. For

death is, as it were, the disuniting, the separating, and tearing apart of those portions which, before death, were held together in a certain union.

Socrates, persuaded by these and similar reasons, sought no defender in the trial for his life; neither was he a suppliant to his judges. He maintained throughout an independent firmness, drawn from loftiness of feeling, not pride; and, during the last day of his life, he discoursed much upon this very subject; and a few days before, when he might have been freed from prison, he refused, and almost at the moment when he was about to take the death-bearing cup in his hand, he spoke; — not like one about to be put to death, but like one preparing to ascend to heaven.

XXX. Thus he thought and spoke: there are two ways, and the path is two-fold for souls when they leave the body. To those who have polluted themselves with human vice, who have given themselves up to their lusts, as if blinded, or who have stained themselves with secret indulgences and crimes, or have designed acts, not to be atoned for, such as treachery to their country — to such there is a retired path separated from the assembly of the Gods; but for those who have kept themselves pure and chaste, who have least indulged their bodily appetites, and have preserved themselves from their subjugation, who have imitated the life of the Gods in their mortal bodies — to such an easy return lies open, back to those from whom they sprung. And so he declares that it will happen to all good and learned men, as to the swans which, not without cause, are sacred to Apollo; for, having from him the power of divination, by which they foresee what blessedness is in death, they die with singing and delight. Nor can any doubt this, unless that should happen to us, reflecting carefully concerning the soul, which happens to those who, looking intently at the setting sun, lose the sight altogether. So the eye of the mind, engaged in examining itself, grows dim sometimes, and our carefulness in investigation is, for that reason, wholly lost to us. Thus doubting, looking about us, hesitating, dreading many things in the way — our course is borne along, as if in a bark or ship, on a boundless sea.

But these are old opinions, and borrowed from the Greeks. But Cato so parted from life, rejoicing that he had obtained the right to die. For the God ruling in us forbids us to depart hence unbidden. But, when that God has given a proper cause, as then

to Socrates, now to Cato, often to many, by my faith ! he who is wise will joyfully depart from this darkness to that light ; but he must not himself break the chains of his prison-house ; for, the laws forbid. But, when summoned and set free by God, as by a magistrate or some lawful authority, he may depart. The whole life of philosophers, as the same person says, is a meditation upon death.

XXXI. What else do we when we recal the soul from pleasure, that is, from bodily enjoyments ; from our private affairs ; from all business — what else I say do we, than call the soul back to itself, compel it to be with itself, and separate it as much as possible from the body ? But to separate the soul from the body is nothing more than to learn how to die. Wherefore let us meditate upon this subject ; for, believe me, we may separate ourselves from our bodies, that is, we may accustom ourselves to die. This will make our life on earth like a heavenly life ; and when we shall be borne thither, loosened from these chains, the course of our souls will be less retarded in their flight. For they who have always been fettered by these bodies, even when freed from them, will move slowly on that account, like those who have been chained for years with iron. When we shall have arrived there, then, at length, shall we live. For this life is death ; which I would lament over, if by lamentation I could be freed from it.

A. You have lamented enough in your "Consolation ;" which work, when I read, I desire nothing more than to leave these scenes ; but now, having heard you upon this subject, I am much more anxious to depart.

M. The time will come, and that quickly, whether it shall linger or hasten ; for life is fleeting. But so far is death from being an evil, which you seemed to consider it a little while ago, that I fear it can be said there is nothing, — I will not say so unfortunate, — but rather so good to man ; whether we are to be gods ourselves, or to be with the gods.

A. What is the difference ? There are some present who may not approve of these things.

M. But I will never dismiss you from this discussion, while any argument that death is an evil, remains unanswered.

A. How can it, when I have learned these things ?

M. How can it, do you ask ? Troops of those who speak contrary to these opinions rise up, not only those of the sect of

the Epicureans, which, indeed, I am far from despising, but, I know not how it is, all the most learned. My favorite Dicaearchus, however, has most strenuously argued against this immortality of the soul. He has written three books called *Lesbian*, because the discourse was held at Mytilene, in which he undertakes to prove that souls are mortal. But the Stoics, however, give us a large allowance, as if we were ravens; for they admit that souls will continue in existence a long time, but deny forever.

XXXII. Do you wish to hear how death is not an evil, even if it be as they affirm?

A. As you please. Nevertheless, no one shall drive me from my belief in immortality.

M. I applaud your feeling, indeed; and yet, no one ought to be too confident; for we are often driven from conclusions very acutely drawn; we fall back, we change our minds even in clearer subjects. In these matters there is some obscurity. Therefore, if this should happen, let us be armed.

A. Certainly; but I will take care that it shall not happen.

M. Is there any reason why we should not dismiss our friends, the Stoics? I mean those who say that souls continue after they have left the body, but not forever.

A. Them indeed, who admit what is the most difficult part of this question, that the soul can continue without a body, which is not easy of belief, and which, being granted to them, they, in turn, will not allow the consequence, that when it has existed for a long time in this manner, it will not perish.

M. You censure justly! it is so indeed. Shall we, then, believe with Panætius, when he dissents from his own teacher, Plato? For him, whom in all places he calls divine, the wisest, most holy of men, the Homer of philosophers, he does not agree with in this one opinion concerning the immortality of the soul. For, he maintains, what no one denies, that whatever is born must perish; but that souls are born, is a thing that is declared by the likeness of parents to children; a likeness apparent, not only in the intellectual but the physical nature. But he offers another argument: that there is nothing which suffers pain, but may also become sick; but, whatever becomes diseased, that is to perish also; but souls suffer pain; therefore, they also perish.

XXXIII. These arguments can be refuted; for, they are the arguments of one who is ignorant, that when the eternity

of the soul is spoken of, we mean the mind, which always is free from every disturbing motion, not those parts in which pains, angers, and lusts abide ; which he, against whom these arguments are framed, supposes to be separated and shut out from the mind. Now, the likeness spoken of appears more in brutes, whose souls are destitute of reason ; but the likeness of men is more apparent in the figure of their bodies ; and it is of great consequence to the souls, in what sort of body they are placed ; for, many things spring from the body, which sharpen the mind, and many which blunt it. Aristotle, indeed, says, that all men of genius are melancholy ; so that I am not discontented at being rather slow. He enumerates many ; and, as if it were an admitted fact, he assigns a reason why it so happens. But, if the character of the mind is so much influenced by those properties which are born in the body, (those, whatever they are, make the likeness,) likeness furnishes no necessary reason why souls are born. I omit the point of want of resemblance. I wish that Panætius were present. He lived with Africanus. I would inquire of him, which of his relations the nephew of his brother Africanus resembled ; in appearance, like his father ; in life, so like all the abandoned, that he easily might be designated the veriest wretch. Whom, also, did the grandson of Publius Crassus resemble ? — that wise, eloquent, and distinguished man. But it is not necessary to name the resemblance that has existed between many other distinguished men and their grandsons and sons. But, what are we doing ? Have we forgotten what we proposed to consider, — when we had spoken enough of immortality, — that if souls perish, there is still no evil in death ?

A. I had not forgotten it, but I willingly permitted you to wander from the course you proposed, while you continued to discourse upon immortality.

XXXIV. *M.* I see that you have a lofty aim, and wish to mount to heaven.

A. I would hope that such may be our fate. But, grant that the soul does not exist after death, as they would have it, and I see ourselves deprived of the hope of a happier state of existence.

M. But, what evil consequence follows from that view even ? For, grant that the soul perishes as does the body ; is there any pain or sense at all in the body after death ? No one even says so ; although Epicurus charges that opinion upon Democritus, but the disciples of Democritus deny it. Therefore,

no sensation remains in the soul also ; for, that is not in existence. Where then is evil ? for there is no third thing in man. Is it that the separation of the soul from the body cannot take place without pain ? Suppose, I believe it to be so, how small a thing is that. But I think it to be false ; and it takes place, for the most part, without any sensation, sometimes even with pleasure ; and all this is trifling matter, whatever it is. For, it takes place in an instant.

A. It is the departing from all those things which are good in this life, that pains, or rather, excruciates us. See, if we may not more truly say from evils ? Now, why should I deplore the life of man ? I might do so truly and sincerely, but when I show that we are not miserable after death, why should I make, by lamentation, life more miserable ? I have treated of this matter in that book, in which I found what consolation I could for myself. Death, then, withdraws us from evils, not from God, if we seek the truth. This was discussed so fully by Hegesias of Cyrene, that it is said he was forbidden to speak upon it in the schools, by king Ptolemy, because many, after hearing his opinions, committed suicide. And there is, indeed, an epigram of Callimachus upon Ambracian Cleombrotus, who, he says, having read a book of Plato, though no misfortune had happened to him, cast himself from a wall into the sea. But, there is a book by this same Hegesias, whom I have spoken of, called ἀποκαρτερῶν, because a certain person, attempting to destroy himself by abstaining from food, being restored by his friends, in giving a reason for his conduct, enumerates the ills of life. I might do the same thing, though I should say less than he, who thinks that life was not at all desirable under any circumstances. I say nothing of others, — is it not even for my good ? and if death had happened before I was deprived of domestic and public enjoyments and honors, would it not have saved me from evil, rather than deprived me of good ?

XXXV. Let us, therefore, suppose the case of a man who has no trouble, who has received no wound from fortune. Metellus is such a case with four honored sons ; but Priam had fifty, seventeen of whom were born of his wedded wife. Fortune had the same power in both these cases, but she used it differently ; for, many sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, placed Metellus on his funeral pile. The hand of an enemy killed Priam, deprived of his numerous offspring, at the

altar to which he had fled. If he had fallen while his children lived, and his kingdom was secure, "his barbaric wealth remaining, and his palaces carved and adorned with fretted ceilings," would he have departed from blessings or troubles? Then, certainly, it would seem from blessings; but, certainly, it would have been the better fate for him, nor so mournfully then would the verses be sung, "I have seen all things in flames, Priam murdered, and the altar of Jupiter stained with blood;" as if what did happen to him afterwards, or any other event, could be better for him than death. For, if he had died before, he would altogether have escaped this scene; but, dying as he did, he lost the sense of his troubles. A better fate awaited our friend Pompey, when he had been severely sick at Naples. The Neapolitans were crowned with garlands; of course the inhabitants of Puteoli also came out in crowds publicly to congratulate him. Truly a foolish affair, and just in the character of a little Greek town, but yet fortunate! If he had died at that time, would he have been deprived of good, or have escaped evil? Certainly, the latter; for he would not have waged war with his son-in-law; he would not have taken arms when unprepared; nor left his home; nor fled from Italy. Neither would he have fallen by the violence and weapons of slaves, as he stood defenceless, his army being lost. His children would not have been destroyed, nor would all his wealth have come into the hands of his conquerors. By the prolongation of his life what incredible misfortunes did he undergo, who, if he had fallen sooner, would have died in the lap of the most splendid successes!

XXXVI. Those evils are avoided by death, even if they have not happened, yet are escaped by death because they may happen. But men do not think that these things can happen to themselves. Each one hopes for himself the good fortune of Metellus; just as if, either more were fortunate than unhappy, or there were any certainty in human affairs, or it were wiser to hope than to fear. But let this be granted, that men are deprived of good fortune by death; does it also follow, that for the dead to lose the pleasures of life is misery? They certainly must of necessity say so. But can he, who is not in existence, be said to *want* any thing? For, this very term of *wanting* is sad, because it is understood in the sense, that he who had something, has it not; he wants it, requires it, and needs it. These, in my opinion, are the inconveniences of one

in want ; if he wants eyes — pitiful blindness ; if he wants children — bereavement. This holds of the living ; but no one of the dead can be said to want the conveniences of life, not even life itself. I speak of the dead who are not in existence. Can any one of us, who are living, be said to want horns or feathers ? Certainly no one. Why ? Because, when you do not possess that which is not suited to you by custom or nature, you cannot be said to want it, even though you perceive you do not have it. This argument must be pressed again and again, which, being established, will no longer permit us to doubt, if souls are mortal, that dissolution is complete at death, so that not even the slightest token of sensation is left. This, therefore, being well established and fixed, it must be inquired what to want is, lest some verbal error should remain. To want, then, signifies this ; to be in need of that which you wish to have. For, to wish for a thing is essential to wanting it, unless when the term is used, in some other sense of the word, as in a fever. For, in still another sense, one is said *to want*, as when you have not something, and perceive that you have not, although you suffer the absence of it easily. It is not said that one wants a thing bad in itself ; for that would not be a subject of regret. But, it may be said, that one wants a good, which is a painful state. Not, even a living man can be said to want a good, which he does not stand in need of. But yet it may be understood of a living person, that he wants a kingdom ; but this could not be said, with any show of sense, of you — it might of Tarquin, after he had been expelled from his kingdom. But, in the case of a dead man it cannot be even understood ; for wanting implies sensation ; there is no sensation in the dead, — to want, then, cannot belong to the dead. But what need of philosophizing upon this, when we see that the thing does not greatly need philosophy ?

XXXVII. How often, not only have our generals, but whole armies, rushed to certain death ! If he had feared which, indeed, Lucius Brutus would not have fallen in battle, when repelling the return of that tyrant he had expelled ; nor would father Decius, contending with the Latins, his son with the Etruscans, his grandson with Pyrrhus, have so fearlessly exposed themselves to the darts of the enemy ; nor, in one war, would Spain have seen the Scipios falling for their country, nor would Paullus and Geminus have been slain at Cannæ, nor Marcellus at Venusia ; the Latins would not have witnessed

the death of Albinus, nor the Lucanians that of Gracchus. Is either one of these wretched to-day? Not even then did they suffer after the last breath; for no one can be miserable when sensation is destroyed.

A. But that itself is a hateful condition, to be without sensation.

M. It would be, indeed, if one could be said *to want* sensation. But, since it is clear, that there can be nothing in him, who himself is not, what can there be hateful in him, who can neither want nor feel? But this point has already been noticed too often, but for the reason that all the sadness of the soul upon the subject of death results from it. For he, who is satisfied of what is clearer than light, that the soul and body being consumed, the whole living being dead, and an entire dissolution taking place, so that the creature which was in existence becomes nothing, may evidently understand that there is no difference between Hippocentaur, who never existed, and king Agamemnon; neither does Marcus Camillus regard this civil war more than I regard the capture of Rome, which took place during his life. Why, then, too, should Camillus grieve, if he had known these events were to take place about three hundred and fifty years after him, and why must I lament, to think that some other people will possess this city ten thousand years hence? Because, love of country is so deep in the heart, that we measure it not by our own sensations, but by its own safety.

XXXVIII. Therefore, death, which, on account of uncertain events, daily threatens, and on account of the shortness of life is never far off, does not deter the wise man from studying, on all occasions, the good of his country and kindred; and from considering succeeding generations, which he can never see, to be related to himself. Wherefore, it may also be, that the soul is mortal, resolving to attempt eternal deeds, not through a passion for glory, which it is never to be conscious of, but for virtue, which glory necessarily attends upon, even if that be not the thing you aim at. Such, however, is the condition of our nature, that just as our birth is to us the beginning of all things, so death is the close; and as nothing belonged to us before birth, nothing will after death. In which, what evil can there be? since death does not affect the living nor the dead. The last having become nothing, and it pertains not to the first. Those who take a lighter view of this matter would consider death most similar to sleep; as if one would wish to live ninety years, that having

finished sixty of them he might sleep away the rest. Not even swine would wish such a fate, much less I, myself. Endymion, to be sure, to introduce a fable, went to sleep, I know not when, in Latmos, which is a mountain of Caria. I think he has not yet waked up. Now, do you suppose, he cares when the moon labors; by whom, it is thought, he was put to sleep, that she might kiss him as he slumbered? But, what can he care who does not even perceive anything? You have, here, sleep, the image of death, which you assume daily; and do you doubt whether there is no sensation in death, when in the image of it you see there is no sensation?

XXXIX. Away, then, with those almost old-womanish fables; such as, it is misery to die before one's time. What is one's time? Is it not the time of nature? But she, indeed, gives the use of life, as of money, no day being appointed. What have you, then, to complain of, if she seek it back when she pleases? For, you had accepted it upon that condition. The same persons think, when a young boy dies, it is to be borne with equanimity, but of an infant in the cradle, that not even a complaint is to be uttered; and yet, in this last case, nature has exacted her gift more severely than in the first. But they reason, thus — it had not tasted the sweetness of life; but the first hoped for great happiness, which he had begun to enjoy. But, in other matters, indeed, it is thought better to have some part than none at all, why is it otherwise with life? although Callimachus, not unaptly says, that "Priam lamented more often than Troilus." But, the fortune of those is praised, who die at an advanced life. Why? For, I think, that to none if longer life were given could it be pleasanter. For, certainly, there is nothing sweeter to man than wisdom; which old age certainly brings, however it may take away other things. But, what age is long? Or what, speaking generally, is long to man? Does not old age come upon us unexpected, pursuing us — now boys, now young men, and at length overtake us? But, as we have nothing beyond this, we call it long. All such things, then, are called "long or short" in proportion to what is given to any one. At the river Hypanis, which, on the one side, flows into the Pontus, Aristotle says, there are little animals grow, which live only one day. Those, then, that die at the eighth hour, die at an advanced age; those that live until sunset, at a very old age; and the more so, if it happen on a solstitial day. Compare our longest life with eter-

nity, and we shall be found almost in the same brevity of life as these little animals are.

XL. Therefore, let us despise all follies, (for what milder term can apply to this levity?) and place all our reliance for living a good life, in strength and dignity of mind; in disregard and contempt for all human affairs; in the practice of every virtue. For now, indeed, we are so enervated with voluptuous imaginations, that if death shall happen to us before we have obtained the promises of the Chaldeans, we seem to be despoiled of some great blessings, cheated and bereaved, deluded. And if we hang suspended in our minds between expectation and desire, if we are tortured and tormented, O ye immortal gods! how pleasant ought that journey to appear to us, which, being finished, there will be no more care, no future anxiety. How Theramenes delights me! Of what a lofty mind he is! For, although we weep as we read, still the illustrious man dies not piteously, who, when he was cast into prison by the order of the thirty tyrants, and, as if he was thirsty, had drunk off the poison, threw out that which remained from the cup, so that it resounded; hearing which, he smiling said, "I drink this to the beautiful Critias," who had been most severe towards him; for the Greeks are accustomed, at their feasts, to name the person to whom they are about to give the cup. This noble man sported with his last breath, and while death was working about his heart, he truly predicted death to him to whom he had drunk the poison; which, indeed, did follow a short time after. Who would praise this calmness of a great mind at the very hour of death, if he thought death an evil? Socrates passed into the same prison, and to the same fate a few years after, by the same injustice of his judges, as that of the tyrants who condemned Theramenes. What, then, are the words which Plato puts into his mouth, before his judges, when already condemned to die?

XLI. He said: "I have a strong hope, O judges, that a happy fate awaits me in being put to death. For one of two things must necessarily happen; either death takes away all sensation, or removes to some other abode away from these regions. Wherefore, if all sensation is extinguished, death is like that sleep which sometimes brings the most quiet rest, even undisturbed by dreams. Ye good gods! what gain it is to die! or, how many days can be found which may be preferred to such a night, to which, if an eternity of coming time is like, who

more happy than I? But if those things are true, which are said, that death is a departure into those regions which they inhabit who have passed out of this life, much more happy will it be for you, when, escaping those who wish to be considered your judges, you meet those who may truly be called judges, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus, and associate with those who have lived justly and honestly. Can such a journeying seem unimportant to you? How great a privilege do you esteem it to be permitted to converse with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, and Hesiod? Often should I, indeed, be willing to die, if I might find the things I speak of. But with what delight would it fill me to meet Palamedes, Ajax, and others, who were condemned unjustly? I might also test the wisdom of that great king, who led large armies to Troy, of Ulysses and Sisyphus; nor for that reason should I be condemned to death, when I investigated these things as I did here. Neither ought you, O judges! those of you who have been acquitted, to fear death. For nothing evil can happen to a good man, whether he be living or dead, nor will the immortal gods ever neglect his interests. Neither has this event happened to me by chance, nor have I any cause of displeasure with those by whom I have been accused, or those by whom I have been condemned, except because they have believed they were injuring me." In such terms did he speak; but nothing is finer than his conclusion. He said; "But it is time for me to go hence, to die, and for you, to live. But the immortal gods know which fate is best. No man, indeed, I think, knows."

XLII. Truly not a little do I prefer such a soul to the fortunes of all those who sat in judgment upon it. Although he denies the knowledge of which is best, (life or death,) to any but the gods, yet he himself felt which was best. For he had spoken upon the subject before this; but keeps to the last his peculiar way, that he would affirm nothing. But let us not persist in thinking anything an evil which is ordained to all by nature; and understand, that if death is an evil, it is an eternal evil; for death appears to be the end of a miserable life. If death is miserable, there can be no end of misery.

But why should I speak only of Socrates and Theramenes, men distinguished for the reputation of their courage and wisdom, when a certain Lacedemonian, whose name even is forgotten, held death in such contempt, that when, being condemned by the Ephori, he was led to execution, showing a happy

and joyful countenance, an enemy said to him, "Despisest thou the laws of Lycurgus?" he answered, "I owe him great gratitude for fining me in a penalty which I can pay without borrowing or hiring." Oh man worthy of Sparta! a person who could show such a noble spirit, it seems to me, must have been condemned unjustly.

Our own state has produced innumerable cases like this. But why should I mention generals and leaders, when Cato writes, that whole legions have gone with alacrity to a post, whence they supposed they should not return? With equal bravery the Lacedemonians perished at Thermopylæ, upon whom Simonides wrote, "Tell it, O stranger, at Sparta, that you saw us lying here, obedient to the sacred laws of our country." And what did their leader, Leonidas, say? "Go on, Lacedemonians, with a brave heart, for to-day, perhaps, we shall sup in the infernal regions." This was a brave nation, while the laws of Lycurgus were in force; one of which, when a Persian enemy boastingly said, in discourse, "You will not be able to see the sun for the multitude of darts and arrows," answered, "Then we shall fight in the shade."

I have only mentioned men. What a Lacedemonian woman was that, who, when she heard that the son, whom she had sent to battle, was slain, said, "For this did I bring him forth, that he might be one who would not hesitate to die for his country."

XLIII. So let it be, brave and hardy Spartans! The training of the republic has great influence; and shall we not admire Cyrenean Theodorus, no ignoble philosopher, who, when King Lysimachus threatened the cross to him, said, "I pray use such threats to your courtiers; Theodorus cares not whether he rot under or above ground."

Which saying of his reminds me, that I ought to say something upon the subject of burying and funeral rites; not a difficult matter, and especially since those points have been discussed which relate to the absence of sensation, which we have just ceased to speak about. What Socrates thought upon it is apparent in that book which treats of his death, about which already so much has been said by us; for when he had discussed the question concerning the immortality of the soul, and the time of his own departure drew nigh, being asked by Crito how he wished to be buried, he said, "I have spent much pains in vain, my friends; for I have failed to convince our

friend Crito, that, when I take my departure suddenly from these abodes, no part of me will be left behind. But nevertheless, my Crito, if you shall be able to overtake me, or should get possession of me at any place, bury me as you please. But, believe me, no one of you will come up with me when I shall have departed hence." This was noble in him to give this permission to his friend, and at the same time to show that he was entirely unconcerned about the whole matter.

Diogenes, hardier still, and he too having the same opinion, but as a cynic expressing it more roughly, ordered his body to be cast forth, unburied. Then his friends said, "What! to the birds and beasts?" "By no means," he said; "but place a staff by me, with which to drive them away." "How can you?" said they, "for you will have no sensation." "Why, then, should I fear to be torn by wild beasts, if I shall feel nothing?" Famous, also, is the saying of Anaxagoras, who, when he was dying at Lampsacus, and his friends inquiring, if it came to the worst, if he wished to be carried to Clazomene, his native country, answered, "It is not necessary; for all paths lead alike to the infernal regions." One idea must be allowed in this whole question of burial, that it relates only to the body; whether the soul perish, or live. But it is plain, that the body retains no sensation when the soul is extinguished, or has passed away.

XLIV. But errors are universal. Achilles drags the body of Hector bound to his chariot, and I believe he thinks he is pained by it, and is sensible of suffering; and in this way he thinks he has his revenge. And she (his wife) mourns this as the most bitter fate; "I have seen, what filled me with the most cruel anguish to see, Hector dragged along by a four-horse chariot." What Hector? or how long will he be Hector? Accius speaks more to the purpose, and Achilles is sometimes wise, "Yes, truly, I have returned the body to Priam, and taken away Hector." "You did not, then, drag Hector, but the body which was Hector's." Behold another arises out of the earth, who will not permit his mother to sleep; "I call thee, Oh mother, who assuageth thy cares with sleep, without pity for me; arise, and bury thy son,—when these verses are chanted in a deep and mournful measure, which brings a feeling of sadness over the whole theatre, it is difficult not to think, that they who are unburied are miserable—before the beasts and birds tear them," (he fears, it seems, lest his

lacerated limbs should suffer indignity, he does not fear to have them burned,) "neither permit my remains, the flesh torn from the bones, and polluted with offensive gore, foully to be scattered." (I do not understand what he fears, when he pours out such good verses of seven feet to the accompaniment of the pipe.) It is to be maintained, then, that we should have no anxiety for what may happen after death, although many would punish their enemies, even when dead. Thyestes, according to Ennius, cursing in very smooth verses, wishes, first, that Atreus may perish by shipwreck, truly a hard fate, for such a death is not without keen suffering. But what follows is unmeaning; "May he be impaled on high on the sharp rocks, his bowels hanging out as he is suspended by his side, sprinkle the cliffs with putrid gore, with clotted and black blood." The rocks themselves were not more destitute of sensation than he, whom he would torture thus, hanging by his side. Such things would be hard to bear, if he could feel them; but the dead are without sensation. What follows is very idle; "Nor let him have a sepulchre, a grave to receive him, where, human life being finished, he may rest from his sufferings." You see in what an error these verses turn; he thinks the body has a port, and that the dead rest in a sepulchre. Pelops was greatly to blame, that he did not teach and inform his son how far anything was to be cared for.

XLV. But why should I observe upon the opinions of individuals, when we can review the various errors of nations? The Egyptians embalm their dead, and keep them in their houses. The Persians, also, bury them covered with wax, that the bodies may last as long as possible. It is a custom of the Magi not to bury in the earth the bodies of their friends, except they are first torn to pieces by wild beasts. In Hyrcania, the people rear dogs for public use; the rich private ones. We know that is a noble race of dogs. But each man prepares, according to his ability, those by which he is to be torn to pieces; and they think this the best sepulture. Chrysippus, who is curious in all history, has collected many other anecdotes; but many of them are so disgusting, that my discourse avoids and flees them. Therefore this whole matter must be disregarded as far as we are concerned, but not neglected in the case of our friends; but cared for in such manner as if we living thought the bodies of the dead destitute of sensation. However, let the living give as much attention to it, as is due to custom and pro-

priety, but at the same time bearing in mind, that none of these things affect the dead.

Certainly, death is then undergone with the greatest equanimity, when declining life can console itself with thoughts of praiseworthy deeds. No one has lived too short a life, who has discharged a perfect duty of perfect virtue. Many periods of my own life have seemed favorable for dying, when I wish I could have departed ; for nothing more was to be acquired ; the burthens of life were increased, and wars with fortune only remained. Wherefore, if reason itself shall not succeed in persuading us that we may neglect death, yet passed life may make us seem to have lived enough, and more than enough. For, although sensation may have left them, the dead are not without the just and proper rewards of fame and glory, though they are unconscious of them. And, though glory has nothing in itself worthy to be desired, yet it follows virtue like its shadow. The true verdict of the multitude concerning honorable deeds, whenever it is rendered, is to be applauded, although it can bring no happiness to the actors of them.

XLVI. But I cannot say, in whatever manner it will be received, that Lycurgus and Solon are deprived of the glory of their laws, and public instruction ; Themistocles and Epaminondas of their warlike virtue. For Neptune shall overwhelm Salamis itself, before the memory of the Salaminian trophies ; and Bœotian Leuctra will perish before the glory of the Leuctrian battle. More slowly still will fame leave such names as Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, the two Africani, Maximus, Marcellus, Paulus, Cato, Lælius, and innumerable others ; any resemblance to whom, he, who attains, measuring himself not by the breath of popular rumor, but by the just praise of good men, may, if it should so happen to him, approach death with a trustful heart, in which we have seen there is the highest good, or no evil. Even in prosperity, one may wish to die ; for no accumulation of good things can give so much pleasure, as to make amends for the pain of losing them. That saying of a Spartan seems to signify this opinion, who, when Diagoras, the Rhodian, a noble victor at the Olympic games, had seen, in one day, his two sons victors at Olympia, approached the old man, and having congratulated him, said ; " Die now, oh Diagoras, for you cannot attain a higher happiness." These are great things, the Greeks, perhaps, think, or rather they thought too lightly of them ; and he who made this

remark to Diagoras, thinking it a very wonderful thing, that three Olympic victors should spring from one family, esteemed it a useless business for him to remain longer in life, exposed to the changes of fortune.

But I had, indeed, answered you, as I thought, sufficiently, in few words ; for you had granted, that the dead do not exist in pain, but on that account I went on to multiply words, because this idea is a great consolation in bereavement and sorrow. For we ought to bear the loss of our friends, a loss which chiefly affects ourselves, with moderation, lest we seem to love ourselves too much. But the suspicion would fill us with intolerable anguish, if we thought that they, of whom we are bereaved, had any sensation of those sufferings, which men commonly suppose. I have, on my own account, endeavored to shake this opinion at the foundation, and, perhaps, for that reason, have protracted my discourse.

XLVII. *A.* Do you say you have spoken too much at length? Not for me, indeed. For the first part of your discourse made me desirous of dying ; the last not only willing to die, but has removed all anxiety upon the subject. At any rate, from your whole argument, I am convinced that death is not an evil.

M. Shall we now regard, in our discussion, the epilogue of the rhetoricians, or leave out such a technicality?

A. You cannot, with justice, neglect the rules of an art, which you have always adorned ; and which, to speak the truth, has gained you so much reputation. But what is the epilogue ? for I desire to hear it, whatever it is.

M. The decisions of the immortal gods are accustomed to be introduced, concerning death, in the schools, nor are they mere fictions, but rest upon the authority of Herodotus, and many others. First, the sons of the Grecian priestess, Cleobis and Biton, are rehearsed. The story is well known. For when it became necessary, that she should be drawn in a chariot to the temple, at some distance from the city, to perform a solemn and stated ceremony, the beasts were wanting ; then these young men, whom I have just named, taking off their garments, and anointing their bodies with oil, approached the yoke. So the priestess was carried to the temple ; and since her chariot was drawn by her sons, she is said to have supplicated the goddess to give them, as a reward for their piety, the best gift that can be bestowed by the gods upon mortals. The

young men, having feasted with their mother, retired to sleep, and in the morning were found dead. Trophonius and Agamemes are said to have made a similar petition, when they had built the temple of Apollo, at Delphi; for prostrating themselves before the god, they asked no small reward for their work and labor, but without specifying what it should be, but wishing that which might be best for mortals. Apollo promised them that he would grant their prayer three days from that time; and when that day dawned they were found dead. This, they say, was the decision of a god, and of that god, too, to whom the other gods had granted the highest power of divination.

XLVIII. A story is also told of Silenus, who, being taken captive by Midas, is said to have done the king this service for his liberation; — he taught him that not to be born is by far the best fate for man, and next to this, to die as soon as possible. Which idea Euripides makes use of in *Cresphontis*: “For it is proper that forming an assembly we should mourn for our house, when any one is born to this light, considering the various ills of human life; but when he has finished his severe trials by death, for his friends to follow his remains with praise and joy.” There is something like this in the consolation of Crantor. For he says that a certain Elysus Terinaeus, severely afflicted by the death of his son, came to the place of necromancy to inquire the cause of his great calamity, when these three verses were given to him upon tablets:

In life men err by the ignorance of their minds.
Euthynous died by the decision of the fates.
It was better for him and for thee that he should die.

These, and like authors, strengthen an opinion confirmed by facts, decided by the immortal gods. A certain Alcidæmus, an ancient rhetorician of the very noblest, also wrote in praise of death, which he supported by enumerating the ills of human life. And to him were wanting those arguments so ingeniously collected by philosophers; nevertheless, he failed not in copiousness of language. Those celebrated instances of death undergone for one's country seemed to the rhetoricians not only glorious, but happy. They begin with Erechtheus, whose daughters even eagerly sought death to save the lives of their fellow citizens; and Codrus who, that he might not be recognised in his royal apparel, put on the dress of a servant, and

rushed into the thickest of the enemy, because the oracle had declared that, if their king should be slain, Athens would be victorious. Menœceus is not passed over, who, in obedience to the command of the oracle, poured out his blood for his country; and Iphigenia at Aulis orders herself to be slain, that she may draw forth the blood of the enemy by her own.

XLIX. Then they come to times nearer to them. Harmodius and Aristogeiton are on their lips. The Lacedemonian Leonidas, the Theban Epamidondas are fresh in mind. They did not know the example we have furnished. To enumerate would take a long time — so many are they who thought death with glory desirable.

Though these things are so, yet we must use great eloquence; and discourse as it were from a higher place, so that men may begin to desire death, or at least cease to fear it. For if that last day brings not annihilation, but only a change of place, what more desirable? But if it destroys and annihilates altogether, what better fate than to fall asleep in the midst of the labors of life, and so shutting the eyes to be lulled into an eternal rest? If it be so, the saying of Ennius is better than that of Solon. For the first says, "Let no one lament me with tears, nor make my funeral rites with lamentations." While he, so truly wise, says, "Let not my death want tears; may I leave sadness for my loss to my friends, and may they celebrate my burial with grief."

But if it could happen to me that my death should be foretold by a god, joyfully, and with thanksgiving would I obey, esteeming myself about to be freed from prison, and loosened from my chains, either to return to a home which is eternal and plainly our own, or to be free from all sensation and trouble. But if no indication of that event shall be given, let us, however, be of that mind, that we may regard a day so fearful to others, as happy and propitious to ourselves; and let us consider nothing as an evil which is appointed by the immortal gods, or by nature the parent of all things. For not at random and by chance were we formed and created, but certainly by a power which would consult the happiness of the human race, nor would produce or sustain that which, when it had exhausted every hardship, should encounter the woes of eternal death. Let us rather think, a harbor and place of refuge is prepared for us. Pray heaven we may arrive there with wide-spread sails! But if adverse winds throw us back,

still we shall arrive there, though a little more slowly. But can that which is inevitable to all be miserable to one? You have my epilogue, unless you think something has been omitted.

A. I have, indeed; and it has made me firmer than ever.

M. Very well, say I. But now, indeed, let us give something to health. But to-morrow, and every day we stay in Tusculanum, let us discuss these questions, especially those which may lighten our pain, remove our fears, and moderate our passions; which are the richest fruits of all philosophy.

J. N. B.

THE INSANE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THERE are at this moment a large number of Lunatics in the Alms Houses and Jails of this Commonwealth. The thought is serious and sad to contemplate. Disease should be met with pity, not with punishment; and of all diseases, surely there is none more worthy of compassion than that under which the Lunatic suffers. How melancholy the thought of a blank, bewildered, and frantic brain; and that one thus bereft should be cast into a miserable cell and fettered in irons, seems inhuman. In a former day the idea of being able to restore the insane to health appears hardly to have entered the mind. For us there are other views. The wonderful success of many asylums has clearly proved what kindness, comfort, and judicious treatment may accomplish.

Few scenes can be more painful than those presented in some of our Alms Houses and Jails, owing to the deplorable situation of the Lunatics therein confined. We speak not now of what might have been seen fifteen or twenty years ago, but of what may be seen at this very day. Not many miles from the capital of the State is a poor Lunatic who has been chained for the last twenty years. The iron bracelet is screwed about each ankle, while both feet have been so frozen that nothing but the stumps remain. There the poor creature with his tangled gray hair hanging over his eyes, sleeps by night upon straw, and by day sits laughing in frantic mirth, goaded at

times into maniac ferocity by his confinement. In the room below is an unfortunate female chained in the same manner, at times excited by the ravings above, and at others, by the jests of the passers by.

Connected with another asylum is a small building standing by itself. From that low edifice may be heard wild cries, snatches of hymns, songs, curses, prayers. On opening the door you behold, caged, a young woman ; she sleeps upon the floor over which straw is scattered. There through the cold winter she lives, if living it may be called, and at all times may be heard her mutterings and screams.

At another Alms House, in a low, narrow cell, crouches a man in middle life. There is no bed in the apartment, the atmosphere is offensive, and here, trembling with weakness, shivering with cold, pale and emaciated, you may behold the victim of disease and despair.

At another place may be seen eighteen bereft of reason, in varied conditions of misery ; and in the Jail of Middlesex there are confined more than twenty idiots and insane. What crime have they committed ? Why should they be there ? One poor creature has frequent epileptic convulsions, and is wasted away nigh unto death. Is a Jail a fitting place for him ? Shall these unfortunate fellow-beings continue thus through life ? — The thief is condemned for a stated time, and with a series of months or years comes his release. But when does the Lunatic gain release ? Not until he is cured ; and the very manner of his confinement is a guarantee that that can be, *never*. The longer the insane remain without proper medical care, the more deeply rooted becomes the disease, and the more aggravated its character.

We have alluded to a few individual cases. There are from 300 to 500 of such cases in the Commonwealth — of lunatics not properly provided for, and very many of whom absolutely suffer. Their situation is one of great severity, and Humanity cries aloud for their relief. They are now in places which were never intended to meet their wants. The keepers of the houses where they are placed may do all in their power, but they speak freely and earnestly of their inadequacy to keep the insane comfortable, and to secure them any prospect of a recovery. They may be found in cages, in cold sheds, in dark and damp cellars. They may be found in wretched destitution, stripped of their garments, and in the midst of filth. We

desire not to exaggerate. The case is bad enough as it is, and needs not be made worse. The persons under whom these miserable beings are placed are not expected to understand much, or anything of proper medical treatment. They are furnished with no fitting accommodations, and desire, as much as any persons, that these sufferers should be placed elsewhere. Let it be remembered that hundreds are thus situated, and then conceive of the anguish which is daily experienced; and let it be asked and answered, is it to the honor of Massachusetts that such things should be allowed to continue?

Massachusetts has already done much in the philanthropic work of rescuing from misery this unhappy class. No State in the Union has done so much. Previous to 1818, though there might have been private asylums, there was no public Hospital for Lunatics in the Commonwealth. At that time the sufferings of the insane awakened such attention and interest, that the McLean Asylum was established. This noble institution commenced its work in the midst of doubt and discouragement. Many believed that the disease was incurable, and some, even among the medical profession, agreed in that opinion. This institution was considered an experiment, but the experiment was one of entire success. The Hospital was soon full, and more patients applied than could be received. Many were restored, and returned in health to their friends. This institution has prospered beyond the most sanguine expectation of its warmest friends. During 1841, two hundred and eighty-three patients had received the benefit of the institution within the year, about one hundred and fifty being accommodated at any one time. During the twenty-four years of its operation, two thousand and thirteen lunatics have been received within its walls; and of these, four hundred and fifty-six have been partially relieved, and eight hundred and seventy-seven restored to complete health. The successive labors of Drs. Wyman, Lee, and Bell, have given this institution a high character. The first individual labored as its superintendent for seventeen years, and did much to establish the character of the asylum. Dr. Lee died soon after he entered upon his labors, and Dr. Bell for the last six years has, by his professional skill and indefatigable zeal, fully sustained its well deserved reputation.

In this Institution strait waistcoats, handcuffs, and chains are all laid aside, and it is found that order is most successfully preserved under affectionate treatment. The inmates are led

to understand, that if they comply with the mild laws of the place and exercise self-control, they will enjoy extended privileges ; and with this prospect, and under these influences, they are quickened into self-respect and gentle obedience. This institution was among the first that had the courage to try the experiment of mechanical labor ; and although, since the introduction of employment, heavy and sharp tools have been placed in the hands of many hundreds, not one accident has occurred.

This admirably conducted institution has been a source of inestimable good, and reflects the highest honor upon that part of our community who have given it encouragement and aid.*

In 1830 another Institution, the first of the kind in the country, was established. This was to be expressly for poor and imprisoned lunatics. Its plan was conceived in the spirit of true philanthropy. Great exertions were made by several individuals ; and perhaps to no one is the country more indebted than to the Hon. Horace Mann, now the Secretary of the Board of Education. Were this the only noble achievement of his life, he would not have lived in vain ; and the thought of that Humane Asylum will long be associated with his name. It was the expressed desire of the Board of Commissioners at that time, that all Lunatics then in prisons and jails throughout the Commonwealth should be removed to this asylum ; and in 1833 the Governor issued a proclamation to this effect. Whether this was literally answered in all the counties we do not know — but a great change was brought about.

Ten years have passed since the doors of this Institution were opened, and from that moment it has taken a strong hold upon the sympathies of the community. The energy and skill of those who have presided over it have been such as to gain the confidence of the public, and the highest regard of the most eminent men. The individual at its head, both by his uniform kindness, his calm determination, and consummate medical knowledge, has justly gained a reputation second to none in the country — perhaps it might safely be said — second to none in the world. Within nine years this institution has received and taken care of 1,359 lunatics — of these, 588 have been restored to health and usefulness. Of this number

* The expense to patients in this Hospital is \$3,50 per week for residents of the State — and \$4,50 per week for residents of other states. As this is not a Charity Hospital, none are admitted except such as can pay.

very many had been in cages and cells. Some had been in bondage for forty years. Some had been so neglected and abused that the accounts seem too fearful to be true. The whole number comprized a more hopeless class of patients than were probably ever brought together with the thought of being cured. During the first year, one hundred and seven were received, who had been adjudged by the courts to be so furiously mad, as to be dangerous to the peace and safety of the community. One hundred looked upon all with enmity. Forty had stripped themselves and would not be clothed, even in the severity of winter; and yet, out of 1,359, 588 were restored to health.

We have seen what was their condition before going to the Asylum — it may be asked what was their treatment while in it? We are told in the trustworthy reports, that “during the whole period, not a blow has been struck, not a chain has been used, not a harsh word spoken.” “At this moment,” says the 6th Report, p. 59, out of 230 patients, but one individual, either man or woman, in our wards has upon his or her person any restraint whatever.” Mittens and wristbands are sometimes used, but very seldom. In the selection of attendants the most rigid caution is exercised. Such are selected as are firm, yet gentle; persons of cultivated minds, and strict morality. There are amusements for the inmates — riding, walking, dancing, swinging, blind-man’s buff, &c. There are pleasant and profitable employments; reading, writing, farming, and the like. The benefit of labor becomes more apparent every year. In the domestic departments, the cooking, washing, ironing, &c. are done principally by the inmates. In the last Report, 1842, we are told, that there are not twelve out of the one hundred and fifteen women in the establishment, who were not more or less employed every day. “We are indeed,” says the Report, “an industrious household, all busy, all having something to do, and all feeling that we are adding to the general stock of good.” There is a large library connected with the institution, from which the inmates have the liberty of taking books. In 1837 a chapel was dedicated for religious worship. Since that time there have been in the hospital 845 patients, of whom 797 have attended religious worship. With few exceptions they are attentive listeners. Good order and solemnity pervade the chapel. The texts and portions of the discourse are remem-

bered by nearly all. There is also a prayer meeting on Saturday evening, and a Bible class on the Sabbath. This was the first institution in the country, which had a chapel set apart for religious worship, though at the present time religious services are generally held at other asylums. These services are looked upon as of undoubted utility.

In the Report of 1841 is the following interesting statement.

"During the evening previous to the Sabbath, a patient furiously mad, was brought to the Hospital in the care of a Sheriff. He had been considered quite dangerous, and the Sheriff hesitated whether it would be safe to come with him, unless he was confined in irons. He appeared calm on the following morning, and it was proposed that he should attend Chapel; he seemed pleased with the privilege; attended the service all day, and conducted with the utmost propriety. These occurrences," continues the Report, "which were of yesterday, are happening almost every Sabbath, and show most clearly the propriety and importance of religious worship to the insane."

What a contrast does such a state of things present to the situation of those who are even to this day confined in damp, dark, cheerless dungeons. This magnificent Charity, this philanthropic Asylum for suffering humanity, may well be considered as one of the chief glories of New England. Every citizen of Massachusetts may kindle with holy joy as he contemplates its wide-spread influence. It is a noble manifestation of the humane spirit of the Commonwealth.

There is also an asylum at South Boston; but this institution limits its benefits to the city. In 1837, when Samuel A. Eliot was mayor, he brought this subject before the public in his inaugural address.

"There are many unfortunate idiots and maniacs in the House of Industry and Correction, for whom, under existing circumstances, no suitable accommodations are or can be provided. By the Revised Statutes, a hospital is required for such persons in the House of Correction. Would it not be becoming in a community of large resources and enlightened liberality, to provide for the comfort and safety of those also who are inmates of the House of Industry? A hospital, fitted for the application of suitable treatment of these patients, would not only be honorable to the philanthropy of the city, but might result in such a diminution of their number as materially to lessen the expense of their support."

In compliance with this suggestion a committee was appointed, who favorably reported ; and the result is, that an appropriate Hospital has been erected, and is now in successful operation. It was opened, Dec. 1839. In the Report of the Inspectors for June, 1841, it is said, "It has become an established and prosperous institution." "It seems to be in successful action for the cure, relief, and mitigation of one of the greatest maladies which afflict the human race." The Report goes on to show that many lunatics considered incurable have been restored, and that even the worst cases have shown improvement. The 'incurable pauper,' as the poor lunatic is at times called, can be, even in his worst estate, calmed, and rendered harmless and happy. Surely this is no slight thing, even if his disease is so rooted as not to be wholly overcome, though it is only in cases which have been long neglected that recovery is considered doubtful. In the Report of the Inspectors for 1842, it is said, "The recent inspection of the Boston Lunatic Hospital has given renewed evidence of the wisdom of the city in establishing, and of the Superintendent and others in managing this important institution." About two hundred patients have received the benefits of this Asylum. This building was commenced as a receptacle for the poor and incurable insane of the city. As severe and hopeless cases were collected here, as were to be found in New England, yet general order pervades the establishment. Few restraints are ever needed. All are obedient and cheerful. The only thing which throws gloom over the picture is the result of old cases, where the effect of former neglect clings to the mind ; but even in these cases kindness and care have produced decidedly beneficial effects, and frequently actual restoration. Here you may see those, who have been raging, peacefully engaged in manual labor, tilling the earth, cultivating flowers, making baskets, or otherwise engaged in active employment. Here, again, you may see them cheerfully mingling in innocent recreation ; some engaged in chess and backgammon, some playing upon musical instruments, while others unite in singing. Thus are their minds diverted, their troubles dispelled. A new life is awakened in the mental nature, and new vigor added to the physical system. And here also every Sabbath you may see the insane listening with mild, yet earnest expression, to the truths of the Gospel.

Thus has the city of Boston honorably provided for this most unfortunate class of sufferers. The city government has thus

far liberally sustained this institution, and established it upon such principles as may secure to it the interest of a Christian community.

Much, then, has been done in Massachusetts for the relief of the Insane. She has gone before all other States in the Union. And now, it may be asked, "Has she not done enough?" "Are not these institutions sufficient to meet her wants?" It may be replied, that there are 500 insane in the State not yet under healing influences. That hundreds are still suffering, and many suffering intensely, in alms-houses, jails, and houses of correction. This is said not as a fancy, but as a fact. At this day there is a piercing cry coming up to us for relief.

But it may be asked, is there not room in the Hospitals now existing? It must be remembered that the McLean Asylum is an expensive institution, somewhat private in its character, and also, that it is full to overflowing. In their Reports for several years past they say they have been unable to receive all who have applied, and for those they have received, they have needed more room. The Hospital at Worcester is also full. It has generally 240 patients, and the number of apartments does not exceed 225. In the last Report, for 1842, it is said "There is scarcely a day in the year when every apartment is not occupied; and much of the time we have more persons in the establishment than we have rooms for their accommodation, and are obliged to lodge them in the halls and infirmaries. It is desirable to be full; but to be overrun, and then be constantly pressed with new cases, is a subject of great inconvenience." "Every year since the Hospital was enlarged we have had applications enough, that have been rejected for want of room, to fill a good-sized establishment."

The Hospital at South Boston is intended solely for the pauper lunatics of the city, and cannot open its doors to those who suffer beyond that limit.

Here then we see that there is not ample provision to meet existing wants. There are 1514 lunatics and idiots in the State to be provided for. In the three Hospitals there are accommodations for only 492, leaving 1022. Making a deduction for the idiotic, and those who can be provided for by their friends, we have at least 500 for whom an asylum should be open. This estimate is verified by the pauper abstract, pub-

lished in 1840, which gives 518 lunatic paupers, and 369 idiotic paupers. Consider then these 500 lunatics, or call it 300. Consider 300 poor, friendless, forlorn creatures; and must we not feel for them a pang of sympathy, and a desire to act for their good?

What then shall be done? A new Hospital must be established, or our existing institutions must be enlarged. If the present institutions can be enlarged so as to meet the want, this may answer; otherwise, we require a separate asylum.

Dr. Bell in his Report for 1839, says:

"To the active curable cases, it should be in the power of the Superintendent to devote as much of his time as will give him a minute knowledge of the mental habits, diseased impressions and physical condition of each individual, and acquire, as far as may be, his entire confidence and regard; "consequently," he adds, "with uninterrupted health, an entire freedom from all personal care, and with all the aid that he desired, of experienced, capable, and conscientious assistants in every department, any increase of number would involve an inability to do them the greatest amount of good."

He therefore objects to any enlargement of the institution.

We find that all the asylums which exist are overflowing; and the superintendent of one, who is a man of great experience in this subject, objects to any increase in the number of patients, on the ground of having as many now as can be properly attended to; and yet there are several hundred who are not included in either of these institutions. It is evident that something should be done. The charity of the past has brought its reward. But all has not yet been accomplished.

Let us consider some of the reasons why we should make exertions at this time.

1. The insane who are in alms-houses and jails often suffer very much where they now are. There are no accommodations for them. They cannot receive proper medical treatment. There is nothing calculated to give either happiness or relief. Those who have not visited the places where some of this class are now confined, can hardly understand the wretchedness of their situation. In not a few instances the insane are thrust away in garrets and cellars, [we speak advisedly] some with scanty food and fire, some with meagre apparel, and some bent to deformity by the low and narrow places in which they have been chained. There are other instances where they are treat-

ed with all the kindness which, in the places where they are, they could be expected to receive ; but in jails, alms-houses, and houses of correction, they cannot, from the very nature of the case, receive that attention and treatment which is proper.

2. The insane become worse through neglect. Their minds, filled with gloom at first through wrong treatment, sink into darkness and desolation. The iron enters their soul ; — their whole nature becomes more and more warped, and torn from its centre. It is comparatively easy to cure this disease, if taken early and treated aright. It is next to impossible to cure it, when long neglected and improperly managed. In speaking of the manner in which the insane were formerly neglected, and as many are dealt with at the present time, it is said, in the *Massachusetts State Lunatic Hospital Reports* : “ Were a system now devised, whose express object it should be, to drive every victim of insanity beyond the limits of hope, it would scarcely be within the power of a perverse ingenuity to suggest one more infallible, than that which, for so many years, has been in practical operation among us.” — p. 19.

Eighty or ninety out of every hundred, who are put into a proper asylum, within one year may reasonably be expected to recover ; while, if they have been longer without the advantages of proper treatment, the probability of restoration rapidly decreases. Even amid the peacefulness of home, with all the care of friends, the hope of recovery is greatly less than in a hospital established for the purpose.

Dr. Woodward's table shows, that 88 per cent. were cured of those, who had been insane less than one year ; 57 per cent. of those insane from one to two years ; 37 per cent. of those insane from two to five ; and 11 per cent. of those insane from five to ten years. (Rep. 1840.)

It is, therefore, important that there should be ample provision for the insane, that their disease may be speedily removed, and that the persons afflicted be not doomed for life to this grievous malady.

3. Although the immediate expense might be considerable of erecting a new hospital, or of adding new buildings to the hospitals already in operation, yet this step would be, in fact, a matter of real economy. We have seen, that under neglect, the disease remains for years, if not for life. In shortening the length of the disease we lessen expense. The old system brought constantly upon the State a burden of expenditure. In the

poor-house and jail, the disorder becomes fixed ; in a hospital constructed with reference to the disease, the patient is generally restored. In all existing hospitals, the difficulty is with the cases which have been aggravated by just such a course as we are still pursuing in our alms-houses and jails. In the last Report of the South Boston Hospital, (City Doc. No. 17, p. 18,) it is said, "Of the old cases now in the house, [the result of a previous system, opposite to that now in operation,] it is to be expected, that nearly all will remain, till, in turn, each one shall pass to the grave." This is a general experience, showing the effect of neglect, and demonstrating, that a course which will restore is less expensive, even as a mere matter of dollars, than to fasten upon them a disease, which will make them the sources of public expense as long as they live.

Dr. Woodward, of Worcester, and Dr. Jarvis, late of Kentucky,* and others,† have entered into accurate calculations upon this subject, and the result shows, that new hospitals are a great advantage, on the ground of political economy.

4. But a higher reason than that of economy, and infinitely more imperative, is that of Humanity. Even were it an additional expense, this should be considered as no obstacle in the way. Indeed, we confess we are pleased to look upon those charities which do cost somewhat, for there seems to be a nobler element in them. It is a cheering sight to see a community voluntarily taxing themselves for the relief of the destitute. If the relief can be given, and the laws of nature are such, as is often the case, that the good brings more advantage than we sought, it is well. But in regard to this charity, cost what it might, within the bounds of possibility, it should be done. Ponder the ap-

* Dr. Jarvis has published two valuable pamphlets on the subject of Insanity, which first appeared in the Western Medical Journal.

† In 1837, it was estimated that there were between 600 and 700 lunatics in New Hampshire ; 300 of these were paupers, and 200 were locked up in jails and cages. It was estimated, that 45 new cases were yearly added to the list of those considered incurable. Great exertions were made throughout the State to establish a hospital. The sum of \$15,000 was granted by the State, on condition that as large a sum could be obtained by private subscription. G. W. Haven, Esq., and several other gentlemen, made untiring efforts to awaken a right public feeling. Among other arguments, Mr. Haven entered into a calculation to show, that the erection of a new asylum for the reception of the insane would be a yearly saving to the State of \$15,000. During the last year, the hospital was completed, and Dr. Chandler, late of Worcester, was appointed its Superintendent.

palling fact, that every day hundreds of these our fellow-beings suffer, and that every hour's delay, on our part, adds to their torture, and lessens the probability of their being restored. Then picture the happy change, if the same individuals could be placed in a proper asylum; and does not conscience speak, as with the voice of God, "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might?" Remember, that in the poor-house and jail the fact is hardly known of any lunatics having been restored, while in the hospitals of this State over fourteen hundred have been positively cured, and seven hundred more have been greatly improved. Think of rejoicing parents welcoming back their restored child; think of children clasping again the parent, who was once insane, but whose countenance now beams with intelligent joy. These are the blessed result of well-established institutions; and while many are enabled to receive the benefits of such asylums as we have, hundreds are, for want of room, excluded. Are not these worthy of sympathy? And shall not the same generous community, which has already done so much, embrace all in the arms of its mercy?

And, once more, we may say, that we have reason to plead for this class, because they cannot plead for themselves. It is one of the evils of insanity, that it cannot gain a fair hearing, or make known its wants. It laughs in horrid mirth, while coals of fire are on its head. It shrinks and shudders before the phantoms of its own creation. It sits in morbid silence while disease is gnawing upon its life. The insane plead not for themselves, but will not every generous heart feel yet more for them, in remembrance of their forlorn condition?

And let us not forget, that this malady oftenest comes to the most richly endowed minds. Those who have fine sensibilities; those who have a tender conscience; those who have such spiritual energy as to exhaust the physical powers; such most frequently suffer. Do not such instances as those of Tasso, Sir Isaac Newton, and Robert Hall, show us that the noblest minds may be bowed under this affliction? Does not the remembrance of Cowper throw a sanctity around this painful disease? And have there not been those among us, highly gifted spirits, who have become unstrung? whose splendid powers have been shrouded by this dark cloud? They may have been so fortunate as to have had friends, who have surrounded them with tokens of Christian kindness and care. But what becomes of

the poor? Who asks for the pauper? Shall he be thrust into some Bridewell, and left there to suffer and die?

Connected with insanity, the past has much of horror, but the future is full of hope. Pinel, in France, some fifty years ago, first struck the chains from the maniac, and became a pioneer in this benevolent work. Rush, in our own country, even previous to that, published his famous Essay "on the influence of physical causes upon the moral faculty." This was read before the American Philosophical Society in 1786. Since the days of these distinguished men, the progress of enlightened and humane views has been very great. Much improvement has been made in Europe, particularly in Great Britain; but in no community has more been accomplished than in New England. Nowhere has force been more generally exchanged for kindness, or the uses of manual labor been more practically and beautifully exhibited. In no place has there been a greater amelioration of distress, or more frequent cases of restoration. In no part of the world has the public mind looked with more increasing favor upon these institutions, or felt a stronger sympathy for this afflicted class. Thus has misery been alleviated, and humanity blessed.

Since writing the above, we have received the following interesting and valuable letter from Dr. Woodward, which we take the liberty of inserting.

"State Lunatic Hospital, Worcester, Dec. 13th, 1842.

* * * * *

"It is very certain, that more accommodations are needed for the insane of the Commonwealth, and that they will not, at this day, be furnished by private contributions, as was once the case. The governments of the States have assumed this duty, and to them the public everywhere look, for whatever may be necessary, in this broad field of benevolence. If the subject is presented to the legislature at its next session, in its proper light, I have no doubt that something will be done to benefit this class of sufferers. I believe, that in the jails and houses of correction in the Commonwealth, there are now as many insane as when the State Lunatic Hospital was established. Perhaps the county of Suffolk is an exception, as their insane are now comfortably provided for in the City Hospital.

"Within the ten years of our existence as a Hospital, there have been sent back to the jails, from this institution, 38 dangerous insane, besides a dozen or more, that were transferred from this Hospital to the Hospital at South Boston. The trus-

tees have sent away, the past year, 51 as harmless and incurable, principally for want of room; 14 dangerous and incurable were sent away, mostly to the jails. More than 100 patients have been rejected for want of room, the majority of whom were residents in this State. We have constantly been crowded, and have had an average of about 8 patients through the year more than rooms for them to occupy.

"These facts alone are sufficient to show, that more accommodations are needed for the insane in this Commonwealth. How and when they shall be made, is an important inquiry.

"In this connexion I would say, that I am decidedly opposed to county institutions, as being too small to admit the right kind of superintendence and general management. They will most certainly degenerate into *insane poor-houses*, and in the event, be little better than the present receptacles. There should be no institution for the insane, without a medical head residing in it.

"Large institutions for this class of the insane are better, in many respects, than small ones. Classification will be better, the facilities of business and labor better, and sufficient men of a trade will be collected to give encouragement for building shops and employing an overseer, cultivating a farm, and improving a garden advantageously. Such is the case with our Hospital. We make from \$1100 to \$1200 worth of shoes annually; have carpenters, cabinet-makers, and mattress-makers in shops fitted for labor, and carried on with profit. We also assemble a respectable congregation on the Sabbath, and can employ a chaplain, to be exclusively devoted to our family.

"If we had 150 or 200 patients more, we could do all this equally well. Indeed, the poor are better off in the same institutions with the better classes. A good influence is felt by them, and motives are constantly before them to increase their self-respect, that they may associate with better society, the kind influence which must be extended to the better classes is contagious, and reaches them and their attendants. ⁴⁴¹

"The State Lunatic Hospital has a fund of \$34,000, given by Mrs. Johonnot, of Salem, subject to a life annuity, at present amounting to about \$2400 or \$2500 annually. The board of trustees, at a recent meeting, voted to petition the Legislature to assume these annuities, and allow this fund to be expended in erecting about 150 rooms for the insane, appended to the present building. I am myself in favor of this proposition, because I believe the Legislature will be more willing to do this, than to appropriate a sum sufficient for the object, from the treasury of the State, and because, for this class, I think large institutions are both more economical, and better than small

ones, and because I believe that there is more certainty, that the desired object will be immediately attained in this way than any other. * * * *

“Yours respectfully,

S. B. WOODWARD.”

No testimony could be more valuable than this. It should be remembered, however, that the provision proposed, while it would give accommodation to 150 or 200 more than are now provided for, would not be sufficient for all who should have a place in such an asylum. This additional provision would, indeed, be a great gain. But we trust, that when this subject comes before the Legislature, there will be a committee appointed to enter into a thorough investigation of the number of insane throughout the State, and to report concerning their condition, that the community may have authentic information upon this subject.

During the past year, several gentlemen, by visiting our jails and alms-houses, have endeavored to become better acquainted with the present state of things, and one individual, — a lady, who has long been practically interested in the moral welfare of those who are in prison, — has, at her own expense, not only visited alms-houses, jails, and hospitals in distant cities, but has visited within the last six months every county, and nearly every town in the State, and is at this time pursuing her investigation, which voluntary and Christian labor she will not close, until every alms-house and jail has been examined. The shameful neglect manifested in a few places, first awakened sympathy, and, with earnest perseverance, the work has, thus far, been carried through. These things show what can be accomplished by individual effort, and that there are substantial causes for continued exertion.

We do not doubt, that if this subject can be fairly brought before our State Government, ample accommodations will be provided for every lunatic in the State, either by the erection of a new asylum, or by the enlargement of those institutions which already exist. Should the Commonwealth persevere until this good work is accomplished, she will eradicate a fearful wrong from the midst of society, relieve hundreds from suffering, and complete what has been nobly begun; a work which is worthy of a people's sympathy, and the fostering care of an enlightened government.

R. C. W.

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

IN both prose and poetry, in any and every form that language can assume, we desire ever to raise our voice against Slavery — Slavery of body and mind, at home and abroad, original and transmitted. Yet we ally ourselves with no existing association, of any name or kind; nor are we partisans of any movement, at present devised or in progress for the abolition of that gigantic evil, that hovers like a destroying curse over the land, and which, if the South find not its reason or humanity, nor listen to the entreaties or warnings of mankind, will one day fall, and bury freeman and slave, them and us, in a common ruin. For no movement, we apprehend, save one on the part of the slaveholding community itself, can free the slave, without entailing upon the country a greater evil than that which it removes. On our part, at the North, this seems to be a subject for action no otherwise than, in the first place, through a moderate, just, and humane press: — moderate, in that it shall not require moral changes in the character of the slaveholder, in his opinions, principles, and feelings, as great as the mind can well conceive, to be accomplished in a day or a year — just and humane, in that it shall consider the rights and feelings of the unfortunate, in most cases, involuntary slaveholder, as well as the scarcely more unfortunate slave. And in the second place, through petitions to Congress, both for the removal of this offensive institution from the District of Columbia — common ground to all the Union, and where the Northern man ought not to be compelled to witness any of the signs of that traffic in blood, which is apt to stir his passions too much against the abettors of it, when his reason is enough — and for the passing of such laws, and making such changes in the constitution as shall lead the way to its ultimate extinction.

In the mean time we hold that the provisions of the constitution are to be inviolably observed, in their letter and in their spirit; nor should any rash and unprincipled violation of it — as by the South in the imprisonment and selling as slaves of free colored citizens of the North landing on their shores — serve as a pretext for similar violation on our part. Whatever others

may do, let not us violate a moral obligation, or break our promises, or do evil that good may come, or think we are serving God and right by forcing our own sense of duty and religion upon the conscience of others. Let nullification become right, here, and in one thing, and it is right, everywhere, and in everything, and anarchy is come. Absolute, unconditional fealty to the constitution is a more binding duty, and a higher virtue, and a more probable means of securing the general welfare, than carrying into effect any one, or any twenty, benevolent projects, to which our own judgment or humanity may prompt us. We can listen to proposed changes in the constitution — though to change, even but for once, seems to imply corruptibility, and to threaten death — nay, we can listen to discussions of projects for new divisions of the Union, to the nicest calculations of its value, but never to any proposition that involves a violation of the original compact. That carries with it the taint of treachery, and the breaking of a plighted word, and no evil can be so great as that. While the constitution stands, let it stand. Let it be the Constitution — or Revolution.

But whatever fault we may find with some attempted or proposed methods of political action, we cordially greet every new laborer in the moral field of this divine labor of human emancipation. Especially happy are we to be able to count one of Mr. Longfellow's genius and celebrity among those friends of universal liberty, who are willing to speak their word in its behalf. In this little book of poems he has spoken with feeling, with truth, and eminent poetic beauty. It would not be right to quote the whole volume, and would, we suppose, be an invasion of copyright, and bring us into trouble; but we will venture upon half, and trust to the author's clemency.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand ! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the psalm of David !
He a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,

Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy angel
Brings the Slave this glad evangel ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

THE WITNESSES.

In Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Lie skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs
Are not the sport of storms.

These are the bones of Slaves;
They gleam from the abyss;
They cry, from yawning waves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.

Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schoolboys from their play!

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!

These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

The Poems are inscribed to Dr. Channing in the following lines.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse!

CURWEN'S JOURNAL AND LETTERS.

WE are sufficiently familiar through our local and general histories, and many other publications of a more ephemeral character, with the feelings and principles of our revolutionary ancestors. Of late, especially, in the volumes of letters which have proceeded from the Adams family, have we been made acquainted with the mind in all its various phases of our rebel fathers and mothers, as well as with their outward circumstances. Men in public life and private, seekers after honor, and those who had found it, husbands, wives, and daughters—there is hardly a shade of feeling or of thought that may at any time have found a place in their bosoms, but, having naturally been recorded at the time in memoir, letter, or journal, it has descended to our day, and introduced us into the very heart of those stirring times. There is not a lesson of resistance necessary to the management of a successful rebellion, which we have not got by heart a thousand times, and, if the same scenes were to be enacted over again, could carry into action, we doubt not, to the general admiration of the world. We have not been permitted to forget, moreover, the sufferings of our brave forefathers, their sacrifices, self-devotion, and losses—their labors in the camp and in the cabinet, their perplexities, doubts, and fears. Many times every year, beside through the books we read, are our sympathies stirred up and kept awake by lecture, or oration, or sermon, on Sundays and on week days, on religious and secular holy-days, fourth of Julys, Thanksgivings, Fasts. The last thing an American citizen of the present day is in the least danger of forgetting is his obligations to the men and women of '76—may it be among the last he ever shall forget. But this is no good reason why we should forget every thing else. It is no good reason why especially we should forget that large number of our ancestors, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves,—as honest too in their judgements we may suppose as the patriots—could see no sufficient ground for the proposed resistance; doubted whether any form of government, any condition of society could arise, out of the blood and uproar of a revolution, with all the causes of domestic jealousy and contention its termination would bring along with it, that would afford so many and so signal advantages, as, with all the acknowledged injustice and unkindness, they experienced in

their connexion with England. And then there was, as they would think, the almost certainty of defeat in any open contest with the first power of the world—an issue so probable in any impartial survey of the respective parties, that it can be ascribed only to that blindness, with which the gods sometimes visit men whom they wish to save, as well as to destroy, that they dared so unequal a strife. The unanimity of the country is the most astonishing feature of the revolution.

But few as the loyalists were — behind those properly so called, we cannot doubt, there were large multitudes quietly seated on the fence, ready to jump off on the king's side when the time came, — they certainly deserve our sympathy and our respect. They were the few against the many, a handful against a nation, yet they spoke their opinions openly and boldly, and sooner than yield them, renounced country, kindred, home, and self-banished, past their lives, at least the seven years of the war, as exiles in foreign lands; — many of them, their property being confiscated, in absolute dependence upon the bounty of the English Government, who before had enjoyed independence and wealth, and might have done to their dying day, by simply holding their peace. These traits of honesty and courage are matter of honorable mention wherever we find them. There was hardly any kind of privation or suffering of a personal kind endured by the revolutionists, the army excepted, which was not borne equally by the refugee loyalists. They were insulted, ridiculed, persecuted in a thousand ways; their property seized, and themselves banished. All this was in the very nature of the case inevitable; the confiscation and banishment necessary. Even in the case of the worthy citizen of Salem, of whose memoirs we propose to give some account, respectable and harmless an individual as he seems to have been, — the country was made too hot for him, and very properly so. For who can assure us, that this very Curwen, modest and harmless as he appeared to be, had he been permitted to dwell here during the war, would not have shot up from his little height into a full grown Arnold, and carried on treasonable correspondence with the enemy? We do not mean to bring any imputation upon the memory of this excellent person. He was at heart, we think, his toryism notwithstanding, a real sound American. What we have said of him, the same thing of course should we say of all the loyalists. It was quite right that the country should be rid of them. Many of them we may suppose were

bitter enough toward the revolutionists and their movement, and would seize gladly on any occasion of doing them an ill turn. Violent and vindictive as many of the Patriots were, such some of the loyalists must have been. But all this does not hinder that their sufferings and privations for conscience' sake, — if an American republican will allow a conscience to a revolutionary tory — may have been great and most truly deserving of our sympathy — of our sympathy for their suffering, our honor for the spirit in which it was borne.

But this is all aside from our present purpose, which is merely to offer some interesting extracts from a volume lately published, containing the journal and letters of Samuel Curwen, Esq., a loyalist refugee, and resident in London during the seven years' war.* The work is edited by a descendant of Mr. Curwen, George A. Ward, Esq., of New York, who has performed his part of the labor in a manner deserving of the highest praise. The journal and letters are introduced by a brief account of the early life of Mr. Curwen, and followed by biographical sketches of more than a hundred and sixty of the loyalists and other prominent persons of the revolution. These additions we owe to the industry, research, and talent of the Editor, and they constitute a very valuable part of the volume. In some instances he has drawn his material from other sources — but they are few.

As the volume derives its principal interest for us, in the record it presents of the feelings and opinions of a loyalist refugee during the revolutionary struggle, we shall say but a few words of Mr. Curwen's early life, and proceed at once to his journal. He was a native of Salem, born in 1715; was graduated at Cambridge in 1735. He was a merchant by profession; but accidentally, for a time, a soldier, joining as Captain of a company the famous expedition against Louisburgh. On his return, at the termination of that spirited affair, he again became a man of business, and so continued, till the breaking out of the revolution drove him from his counting-

* *Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, etc., an American Refugee in England, from 1775 to 1784, comprising remarks on the prominent men and measures of that period, to which are added biographical notices of many American Loyalists and other eminent persons; by GEORGE ATKINSON WARD, member of the New-York Historical Society. New-York: C. S. Francis and Co., 252 Broadway. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington Street. 1842.*

room and the country. His appointment under the British Government to the office of a judge of Admiralty did not probably interrupt his mercantile pursuits. On his return to America after the war, he again occupied his former dwelling in Salem, only with very reduced resources; and there died in 1802 at the advanced age of eighty-two.

Mr. Curwen appears, from the journal and his letters, to have been a man of good sense, good feelings, and good principles. He loved his country, and left it with regret; he was unhappy during his exile, and, so soon as he could be assured of safety, hastened back again, that he might die in the place of his birth. Of course he was a loyalist from principle. He was satisfied with the condition of colonial dependency — not doubting that one by one, under one administration if not under another, next year if not this, those grievances would be redressed, the existence of which all equally confessed, though they differed so widely as to the best means of removing them. He believed too that the project of fighting for independence with such a power as England was one of utter madness, and could end only in the more slavish subjection of the colonies, and an indefinite postponement of the advantages they coveted. It was not possible for him to join in the struggle; but, as it was equally impossible to act on the other side, he could only stand still, an idle, but anxious, spectator of the conflict — a conflict which armed kindred against kindred, family against family, parents and children against each other — and more remarkable even, for the moral profligacy and barbarian ambition of the King and party in the mother country, who drove things to such extremity, than for its successful termination against such fearful odds.

The first date in the Journal is Philadelphia, May 4, 1775, whither he fled at first, in the hope that that city might serve him as a place of refuge. A large number of Massachusetts loyalists, it seems, flocked there, in the same vain expectation — for vain it was. The Philadelphians soon began to look upon it as an indignity, that their city should be resorted to as a tory asylum, and the poor refugees were once more driven from their shelter. His feelings on reaching Philadelphia Mr. Curwen thus records.

“Since the late unhappy affairs at Concord and Lexington, finding the spirit of the people to rise on every fresh alarm, (which has been almost hourly,) and their tempers to get more and more soured and malevolent against all moderate men,

whom they see fit to reproach as enemies of their country by the name of tories, among whom I am unhappily (although unjustly) ranked; and unable longer to bear their undeserved reproaches and menaces hourly denounced against myself and others, I think it a duty I owe myself to withdraw for a while from the storm which to my foreboding mind is approaching. Having in vain endeavored to persuade my wife to accompany me, her apprehensions of danger from an incensed soldiery, a people licentious and enthusiastically mad, and broken loose from all the restraints of law or religion, being less terrible to her than a short passage on the ocean; and being moreover encouraged by her, I left my late peaceful home (in my sixtieth year) in search of personal security and those rights, which by the laws of God I ought to have enjoyed undisturbed there, and embarked at Beverly on board the schooner *Lively*, Captain Johnson, bound hither, on Sunday the 23d ultimo, and have just arrived. Hoping to find an asylum amongst quakers and Dutchmen, who I presume from former experience have too great a regard for ease and property to sacrifice either at this time of doubtful disputation on the altar of an unknown goddess, or rather doubtful divinity.

"My fellow-passengers were Andrew Cabot, his wife and child, and Andrew Dodge. My townsman, Benjamin Goodhue, was kind enough to come on board, and having made my kinsman and correspondent, Samuel Smith, acquainted with my arrival, he was pleased to come on board also, and his first salutation, '*We will protect you though a tory*,' embarrassed me not a little; but soon recovering my surprise, we fell into a friendly conversation, and he taking me to his house, I dined with his family and their minister, Mr. Sproat, suffering some mortification in the cause of truth. After an invitation to make his house my home during my stay here, which I did not accept, I took leave, and went in pursuit of lodgings, and on enquiring at several houses, ascertained they were full, or for particular reasons would not take me; and so many refused as made it fearful whether, like Cain, I had not a discouraging mark upon me, or a strong feature of toryism. The whole city appears to be deep in congressional principles, and inveterate against '*Hutchinsonian Addressers*.' Happily we at length arrived at one Mrs. Swords', a widow lady, in Chestnut-street, with whom I found quarters, rendered more agreeable by S. Waterhouse's company, who also lodges here." — pp. 25, 26.

Delegates to the Congress were at this time arriving; and he mentions, after having been in the city a few days, passing the "evening in company with Col. WASHINGTON (a fine fig-

ure, and of a most easy and agreeable address). I staid till twelve o'clock, the conversation being chiefly on the most feasible and prudent method of stopping up the channel of the Delaware, to prevent the coming up of any large ships to the city; I could not perceive the least disposition to accommodate matters." The arrival of the New England delegates is thus described.

"*May 10, 1775.* Early in the morning a great number of persons rode out several miles, hearing that the eastern delegates were approaching, when about 11 o'clock the calvacade appeared, (I being near the upper end of Fore street;) first two or three hundred gentlemen on horseback, preceded, however, by the newly-chosen city military officers, two and two, with drawn swords, followed by John Hancock and Samuel Adams in a phaeton and pair, the former looking as if his journey and high living, or solicitude to support the dignity of the first man in Massachusetts, had impaired his health. Next came John Adams and Thomas Cushing in a single horse chaise; behind followed Robert Treat Paine, and after him the New York delegation, and some from the province of Connecticut, etc., etc. The rear was brought up by a hundred carriages, the streets crowded with people of all ages, sexes, and ranks. The procession marched with a slow, solemn pace; on its entrance into the city all the bells were set to ringing and chiming, and every mark of respect, that could be, was expressed: — not much I presume to the secret liking of their fellow delegates from the other colonies, who doubtless had to digest the distinction as easily as they could." — p. 28.

Mr. Curwen soon found himself uncomfortable in Philadelphia, and on the 16th of the month sailed for England. On his arrival, he went immediately to London, where, for the most part he afterwards resided; making, however, frequent excursions into various parts of the Island, and occasionally residing in the country towns. A great proportion of the journal consists of minutes of these various excursions and residences, and possesses no special interest. These we pass over entirely, and select only such passages as touch upon the American question and show us the tory mind, or give the news, and reports, true or false, of the day.

Under the date of July 25th is recorded the news of the battle of Bunker Hill. "I am just informed of a most melancholy event, the destruction of Charlestown, in Massachusetts,

by the king's troops, which all agree in ; the other parts of the story are told differently. Mr. Brecknock says the king's troops would not fight, but laid down their arms, which is the reason of the great carnage among the officers. My distress and anxiety for my friends and countrymen embitter every hour. May it please God to inspire men of influence on either side of the Atlantic, with juster sentiments of the real interest of Great Britain and the colonies than they seem to have possessed hitherto." This seems to have roused the administration to more vigorous efforts.

"Incredible quantities of ammunition and stores shipped and shipping from Tower-wharf for America, manifests the intention of administration to prosecute the plan of subjection of the colonies to the authority of parliament ; for that is the only dispute, as it is understood here. Administration would gladly have met the colonies half way or more, had there appeared any inclination to accept terms in any degree consistent with the honor and dignity of the mother country. Now, no alternative ; an absolute independence of the Colonies on Great Britain, or an explicit acknowledgment of the British legislature over all the dominions of the empire. The proclamation which you will receive by this conveyance was published the day before yesterday at the Royal Exchange, with all the circumstances of indignity the lord mayor could throw on it.

"Instead of the languid measures hitherto pursued, more active ones will succeed, and then wo to poor Massachusetts, which, like the scape-goat, must bear the sins of many. Do urge our remaining friends to flee from the destruction that will speedily overtake that devoted colony."

"I will just hint what appears to be a matter of notoriety here ; the opposition in parliament is too inconsiderable in numbers, weight, and measures to hinder the progress of administration in their plans respecting America. Both houses repose entire confidence in the king, and his ministers' resolution not to relinquish the idea of compelling the submission of all subjects within the limits of the British Empire to the authority of the supreme legislature ; preparations for which are making for increasing the number of troops, to be sent over time enough for a vigorous push next season. The events of war are uncertain, and victory is by many thought doubtful, — yet it is more than whispered by some, that America had better be dispeopled than remain in its present state of anarchy, — much more independent. Should this idea regulate future measures, and should government despair of subduing them, one may, without

the spirit of prophecy, see beforehand what terrible destructive evils will then befall our poor, devoted, once happy country. 'O fortunatus,' etc." — pp. 38-41.

General Washington, it seems, was reported at one time to have been taken prisoner.

"*Nov. 1, 1776.* I was informed that a messenger from General Howe had just passed through the city, with advice, that the provincial entrenchments, containing nine thousand men from New-York, were forced, General Washington wounded and taken, and ten thousand men on both sides killed; some other circumstances are brought, but not to be divulged till six hours after the messenger's departure from Exeter. Should this news prove true, I wish it may not puff the British general with pride, and fill him with false notions of the unequalled prowess and invincibility of the British troops, nor indispose him to offer moderate terms; and I trust congress may be willing to prevent further effusion of blood and destruction of property by hearkening to reasonable proposals, which I hope the House have authority to make.

"*Nov. 2.* It is obvious the government is apprehensive of a rupture, saying, 'it is expedient we should be in a respectable state of defence.' The truth is there have been some discouraging accounts from France for this week past, respecting the intentions of that court to assist the colonies, and advices from Spain say their ports are declared open to the English colonists; upon these events press-warrants are dispersed through this kingdom, and eight hundred were taken on the Thames in one day into the service, and five pounds per man are offered for able-bodied sailors. The report of yesterday is contradicted in part; Gen. Washington is not taken, but six thousand Americans, and but two thousand British. This wants confirmation. It is also added that part of the provincials only were engaged — a lame account. The fears of some and the hopes of others dispose the people to the belief of any improbabilities, nay, self-evident falsehoods." — pp. 86, 87.

It was quite natural that Mr. Curwen's loyalty should cool off a little when once fairly in England, and his American feeling grow warmer — just as we have known the most absolute monarchists, to judge from their conversation while resident here, on their return to Europe and her institutions, to take the tone of the most absolute republicanism. Tory though he was, he could not bear to hear the reproaches of his countrymen

from the mouths of their enemies. He sometimes on such occasions waxes quite warm.

"Dec. 18. By a Mr. Lloyd of the 20th regiment, just arrived in the *Lord Howe* frigate from Quebec, and who was on the lake with Burgoyne and Carleton, a report is brought that a merchant-man met the *Active* frigate at sea, and learned that Gen. Washington had abandoned the lines at Kingsbridge, left his cannon and stores, and that his army is mouldered away; that New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland had deserted the union, and declared for government; speaks of the Yankees, as he is pleased to call them, in the most contemptuous terms, as cowards, poltroons, cruel, and possessing every bad quality the depraved heart can be cursed with; and says the regulars at Trois-Rivieres took five hundred prisoners, killed one hundred, and lost only three men, who were killed by Yankees, who had got upon trees and fired down on them.

"It is my earnest wish the despised Americans may convince these conceited islanders, that without regular standing armies our continent can furnish brave soldiers and judicious and expert commanders, by some knock-down, irrefragable argument; for then, and not till then, may we expect generous or fair treatment. It piques my pride, I confess, to hear us called '*our colonies, our plantations*,' in such terms and with such airs as if our property and persons were absolutely theirs, like the '*villains*' and their cottages in the old feudal system, so long since abolished, though the spirit or leaven is not totally gone, it seems."

"As to a treaty, I am without the smallest hopes of its taking place at present; the Americans do not despair of maintaining their independence, and the court, I am told, has not given up its view of laying America at its feet, for such is and has been the court language, and the intention to force her to submit to the unconditional authority of parliament;—however, should Gen. Washington be beaten out of his entrenchments, it would be but one advantage out of a score that must be gained to make them '*lower their topsails*.' The Americans are not without resources, whatever may be thought on that subject in England."—pp. 89–91.

In the journal, under date of Exeter, Nov. 22, 1777, we find the following.

"By the papers, I learn the king in his speech takes notice of '*the obstinacy of his rebellious subjects in America*,' and promises himself '*all needful assistance from his faithful Com-*

mons.' It will be well if additional supplies, and an increase of foreign troops, do not prove a source of intolerable evil. Would to God an expedient could be devised to terminate this unnatural quarrel, consistent with the honor of both parties; but this I fear is a vain wish. The Dutch, from a sordid thirst of gain, the French, from their dread of the rising power of Great Britain united with the colonies, and Spain, from an attachment to the court of Versailles, are too deeply concerned to permit a reunion. Lord Chatham, on motion for an address in the king's speech, says, 'Without an immediate restoration of tranquillity, this nation is ruined and undone. What has been the conduct of ministers? Have they endeavored to conciliate the affection and obedience of their ancient brethren? They have gone to Germany, sought the alliance of every pitiful, paltry prince, to cut the throats of their loyal, brave, and injured brethren in America. They have entered into mercenary treaties with those human butchers for the purchase and sale of human blood. But, my lords, this is not all; they have let the savages of America loose upon their innocent and unoffending brethren, upon the aged, weak, and defenceless; on old men, women and children; upon babes at the breast, to be cut, mangled, sacrificed, burnt, roasted; nay, to be eaten. These are the allies Great Britain now has; carnage, desolation, and destruction, wherever her arms are carried, is her new adopted mode of making war. Our ministers have made alliances at German shambles, and with the barbarians of America, with merciless torturers of their species. Whom they will next apply to, I cannot tell.' Such is Lord Chatham's fire, such his oratory, such his indignation against ministerial measures.

"Dec. 14. This day General Burgoyne's mortifying capitulation arrived in town. Nothing could be more disgraceful and humiliating, unless a submission to the victor's power without terms. The loss of the military chest estimated at seventy-five thousand pounds; the finest train of artillery ever sent out of this kingdom before; all the boasted acquisitions of the year's campaign gone at a blow, and Canada on the point of joining the grand American alliance.

"In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., after Lord Barrington's report of army estimates, Col. Barré rose and called on Lord George Germaine to inform the house, whether the report of the surrender of General Burgoyne with his army and artillery was true or false; which Lord George did in a short narrative, and said intelligence had been received of the capture by the way of Quebec, which struck the house with astonishment; and after a short pause Col. Barré rose, and

with an averted look, said ; ' Great God ! who can refrain from rage and indignation when the planner of so much misery relates with the utmost composure, the horrid tale of a British army destroyed ? We all know the General's bravery and skill ; he did not surrender whilst there was a possibility of defence ; but while justice demands a just eulogium, what must we say of the man who reduced so gallant an officer to so sad an alternative without the smallest advantage to his country ? '

" Dec. 18. From a correspondent at the west of the town, I learn that the language about the court is nowise lowered by the last news from America ; '*delenda est Carthago.*' The old politicians, neither biassed by hatred to Americans, nor interested in the destruction of the colonies, shake their heads at this language.

" Soon after the surrender of Burgoyne was announced by Lord George Germaine in parliament, an adjournment took place till after the holidays, whereupon Sir George Young, Mr. Baring, the Exeter member, and Mr. Barré, hurried down, and it was suspected that this foreboded a new parliament, a new ministry, new measures, and that the most active opposition is coming into play ; a few days will undeceive the public, however. On confirmation of the American news, Manchester offered to raise a thousand men at their own expense, to be ready for service in America in two months, and was followed soon after by Liverpool. It is said there are to be proposals for raising two thousand men out of each parish through the kingdom ; that the American secretary will resign, and Lord Hillsborough succeed him.

" Dec. 31. The lenity shown to General Burgoyne and his army is allowed on all hands to do more honor to America, than the laurels, reaped by the Howes, can bring to this distracted country. God knows what is for the best, but I fear our perpetual banishment from America is written in the book of fate ; nothing but the hopes of once more revisiting my native soil, enjoying my old friends within my own little domain, has hitherto supported my drooping courage ; but that prop taken away leaves me in a condition too distressing to think of ; however, amidst the increasing evils of old age I have this consolation, that, mortifying as my lot is, severe as my sufferings may be, their continuance cannot be lasting." — pp. 159 – 161.

The news of Burgoyne's surrender being confirmed beyond all peradventure, our loyalist cannot help the overflow of his

American patriotism. He begins to feel a little proud of his countrymen. He is writing to a friend in England.

"The account of General Burgoyne's surrender is confirmed, and what do you think of the Congress now? Of American independence? Of laying the colonies at the ministers' feet? Of Lord S.'s boast of passing through the continent from one end to the other with five thousand British troops; and with a handful of men keeping that extensive continent in subjection? Of the invincibility of the said troops? Of the raw, undisciplined, beggarly rabble of the northern colonies? Of the humiliating surrender of a British general, five thousand troops, seven thousand small arms, and thirty-six pieces of brass artillery, to the aforesaid rabble? What think you of the pompous proclamation of the said general? Of the figure he is now making in the streets of Boston, compared to his late parading there, accompanied by his vainly fancied invincible cohorts, now, alas! rendered as harmless and inoffensive animals as you and I? Of the condition General Howe is now or soon may be in, should the combined army of Washington and Gates, numerous as it may be, perhaps exceeding his own in the proportion of two to one, elated with success, inflamed with an enthusiastic ardor, invest Philadelphia, defended by an army almost worn out by incessant labor, having, as the papers say, the shovel and firelock always in their hands, and greatly weakened by losses? What think you of the twenty thousand men voted in parliament a few days since, in addition to the army now in America? Where are they to be raised? — p. 163.

In another letter written soon after he gives expression to the gloomiest forebodings.

"General Burgoyne's defeat will, I think, prove a prelude to a succession of fatal events. The rapid increase of military skill and courage that enthusiasm produces, and the great numbers of European commanders and engineers of experience now incorporated amongst the Americans, are considerations that extinguish my expectation of the success of the following campaign, even should Great Britain send over in season the number of troops ordered by parliament, (and which do not amount to what all who have lately arrived from America agree to be necessary to insure success, or rather, in any good degree, render it probable.) May those evils my gloomy mind forebodes exist only in imagination; but I must confess I see, perhaps through a false vista, the expedition already ended in the disgrace of this powerful and wealthy kingdom, and in the ruin of that once singularly happy, but now, alas! deluded,

wretched America ; for, disconnected from this country, wretched it must necessarily be, if anarchy and the most grievous oppressions and taxes can make a people so. How weak, inconsistent, and dangerous is human conduct, when guided by lawless ambition, or any false or wrong motives ! Into what dreadful evils are communities often plunged by hearkening to the declamations of pretended patriots, of crafty, selfish, unprincipled demagogues of this and many other countries ; history furnishes us a present mortifying proof and example.

“ You may console yourself in the late disgrace of the British arms, with the hope that it may revive the ardor and bravery hitherto so peculiarly characteristic of British troops, but similar causes do not always produce similar effects. At the time you refer to, Rome was in the meridian of her glory, war the profession of her citizens ; her inhabitants, through all her ranks, were at that period actuated by the *amor patriæ*, a principle publicly derided in this age. Do not think me a cynic, when I say, I fear this nation has sunk into too selfish, degenerate, luxurious a sloth, to rise into such manly, noble exertions as her critical situation seems to demand.” — pp. 168, 169.

After further ill news, and the depression produced by the signing of the treaty between France and the United States ;

“ In truth, vigor and activity seem not the characteristic of this nation at this period ; the continual series of untoward events on the side of Great Britain, in this unnatural contest between her and the colonies, has, I fear, given the *coup de grace* to her glory. The sun of Britain is past the meridian and declining fast to the west, and America is for ever emancipated from the legislative authority of this once potent empire ; alas ! no more so. The prophetic falling off of the best jewel from our king's crown when on his head, at coronation, is now accomplished by the loss of America, which I consider irrevocably gone ; whether to their advantage, is a point, I fancy, the Congress and I should not join issue in : — the burden of supporting an independency with dignity is too heavy for America to bear, especially the northern colonies, unless the patriots there will discharge the troublesome public trusts and offices without pecuniary emoluments ; requiring a much greater degree of virtue, self-denial, and public spirit, than I think now does or indeed ever did exist there, unless in profession.” — p. 197.

But the prospect brightens.

“ However, matters I hope are mending ; the account you give

me from America seems to be confirmed from all quarters. Judge Howard is lately arrived here from New-York ; he tells me that a number of gentlemen of influence and property, who have been lying on their oars to see which way the game would finally go, as I suppose, have lately come in, among whom is the famous Mr. Smith, the lawyer ;* that they, together with Mr. Galloway, are unanimously of opinion, that from the unexpected tyranny of the Congress and their sub-devils, the almost universal poverty and distress of the people, and the general aversion to French connections, the quondam union of the thirteen states is upon the point of dissolution ; and that nothing is wanting but a single effort to crush the rebellion, root and branch. Judge Howard says he heard Smith say, ' if Great Britain don't conquer the colonies, it can only be because she *won't* ;' that these gentlemen have been much with the commissioners, by whom they have been greatly attended to. With these favorable accounts from America, I can't help connecting the union that appears in parliament, respecting the grand point, the reduction of the colonies ; for though the opposition to ministry is still faintly kept up for form's sake, yet the language is so different from that held in former sessions, that I can't help thinking a sense of public danger, and a regard to national interest and honor, begin to prevail over private resentments. From all these appearances, I augur well ; and I am happy in finding the general opinion among my friends and acquaintances is, that the prospect of a speedy and happy suppression of the rebellion is fairer now than it ever has been." — p. 207.

What precisely were the views of Mr. Curwen as to what the future should be, supposing the Colonies to be defeated in the great struggle, nowhere appears. So far as we observe, he carried his thoughts no further, than to a condition of dependency on the English Government for an unlimited period, very much such as had obtained before the breaking out of the revolt. He may have held the belief that in process of time a separation and independency might be peaceably effected, which many, at the present day, think might have happened. But it may well be questioned, whether the jealousies and envyings, the rivalries and prejudices which existed among the thirteen English Colonies — nay, their unavoidable ignorance of each other, their necessary estrangement, owing to the vast territory over which they were spread, and the then impossibility of

* The historian of New-York, and chief justice during the war ; subsequently of Canada.

general communication, would ever have permitted them to associate in friendly union ; and whether the war which brought them together to consult for a common deliverance from common dangers, and melted them together before they were aware, through mutual sympathies and cares, was not, humanly speaking, a necessary pre-requisite to the union that was afterwards formed — whether it was not for this reason, rather than because it was a resistance of oppression on principle, one of the most necessary wars of which history furnishes a record. It is to this day, we suspect, the feeling of '76 that binds us together quite as much as the constitution ; — blood has proved a stronger cement than ink. Who shall say that the single war of the revolution of seven years, was not the preventive remedy that saved this continent from seven times seven years of civil broil and slaughter, among thirteen separate, independent, hostile sovereignties ?

We pass by many interesting letters on American topics ; and on others, one especially containing an account of the Gordon riots, which we should be glad to extract, had we space. The news of the closing events of the war, received from time to time, give rise to reflections like those we have already quoted. A lively account is given of the breaking up of Lord North's administration, and of the obstinacy of the king on the occasion, amounting almost to madness, which is worth citing, and which must close our political chapter.

“ *Dec. 4.* Called on Mr. Heard at Herald's office ; there learned, in a conversation with a Mr. Webb, of seeming great political knowledge, that at the time the House of Commons left the late administration in a minority, or in other words, refused to support Lord North's measures, the king took it to heart, and resented it so far as to declare he would leave them (as he expressed it) to themselves, and go over to Hanover, from whence his family came, and proceeded so far as to order the administration to provide two yachts to transport himself there ; whereupon the queen interfered, and remonstrated against such a desperate measure, so fatal to her and his family, as well as his own personal interest. Others, too, represented the distressful condition to which the nation would be reduced by the absence and want of royal authority, though it seemed to little effect, so sadly chagrined and provoked was he.

“ Lord Rockingham also joined the remonstrants, and showed the necessity of a change of men and measures, with no better success ; — so naturally obstinate and pertinaciously bent was he on his favorite plan of subjugating his (here called) re-

bellious subjects in America, and bringing them to his feet, till he was told that as sure as he set his foot out of the kingdom, the parliament would declare the crown abdicated and the throne vacant; nor would he ever be permitted to reënter the kingdom again, — which argument, it seems, brought him to a more cool and juster sight of the folly of such a step, and the absolute necessity of stooping to a compliance with the requisitions of the public. I do not pretend to indicate the measures of opposition, but a more unsuccessful administration, from whatever cause it proceeded, which time will satisfactorily perhaps explain, was never before engaged to promote royal designs. What may be the condition of Great Britain and America at the period of the present distressful war, God knows; for my own part, I tremble at the event, as desirable as it may be, for I can view neither country without the most fearful apprehensions of dreadful distresses; whoever began and voluntarily continued this unreasonable, pernicious dispute, does and will deserve the execration of this and future ages, and in the language of * * * *, 'The child will rue, that is yet unborn, the fatal measures of Lord North's administration.'

"Dec. 5. The king delivered his speech from the throne. I went to see him robe and sit on the throne at the House of Lords: he was clothed in green, laced with gold when he came, and when he went in red laced; it being the custom to change his garments. The tail of his wig was in a broad, flowing, loose manner; called the coronation tail. His abode in the lords' chamber scarce exceeded half an hour, in which he read his speech of eleven pages.

"As one proof among many, that might be given of the restraint and disguise of real sentiments on the part of courtiers, from the highest character in the presence chamber to the lowest lounge and attendant at ministerial levees, take the following: — When the king found himself obliged to take new ministers, and give up Lord North and his associates, it is notorious that it was abhorrent to the royal mind; and being naturally of a pertinacious, obstinate temper, was with the utmost difficulty brought to yield a reluctant consent. On the first court day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterwards with as much seeming cordiality and openness, as if they had been in his favor, and in his most intimate conceits; so seemingly satisfied and so serene was the royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though

nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto. At the same time coming up to Mr. Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and laudable behavior in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a want of health; advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health; all this with the same apparent sincerity, as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices, though all the world knows there was not a man in the three kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken a more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin. The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr. Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words: To have heard the king, one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health.

"Dec. 6. Read the king's speech, declaring his offer of independency to America, and his hopes soon of a general peace." — pp. 358, 359, 360.

Mr. Curwen while a resident in England kept up his good New England custom of going to church. Of the preachers he heard, he has here and there recorded his impressions; and as they were frequently persons of note, either in the established church or that of the dissenters, about whom we are always glad to learn what we can, we have drawn them together from the different parts of the volume.

"Sept. 17, 1775. Attended public worship at the 'Reformed Liturgy Assembly,' Essex House, Essex-street, Strand; heard Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, the Unitarian reformist, who gave up a living in Yorkshire, (worth three hundred a year,) on the rejection of the petition to parliament for a revisal and amendment of the common prayer. Preacher serious, style good, discourse useful." — p. 39.

"March 19, 1776. Attended lecture at Salters' Hall. Dr. Price gave an excellent sermon from '*Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.*' He observed, that this was the only original part of the Lord's prayer, (the rest being found in the Jewish liturgy,) and was designed to inculcate the distinguishing characteristic of his religion, universal love and good will to all mankind, making it the very condition on which our hopes of forgiveness are suspended. As forgiveness of injuries and love of all mankind are the most amiable of all virtues, so are they the most difficult to be practised, and ought therefore to be the

more endeavored after; and nothing can recommend us better to divine favor and acceptance." — p. 49.

"*Sunday, Dec. 8.* Mr. Towgood preached an excellent discourse, from Isaiah lvii. 15. In his prayer the most just and proper expression for the king and royal family, and all in authority, both as ministers of state and executive officers; and although a warm and hearty advocate for America, and her claims of exemption from British legislation, right of taxation, yet in moderate and dutiful enough for me, who am far removed from wishing its entire independence; for it is my firm belief it would sooner bring on oppression and tyranny there than the former right allowed in its full extent. May it please God to prevent both; may the unreasonable and baneful wishes and attempts of all violent men be disappointed.

"*Dec. 13.* The state fast, appointed by the king's proclamation, on account of the American war; Bishop Keppel preached from Deut. xxxiii. 27, 'The eternal God is thy refuge,' etc., a seasonable and candid discourse; he calls this '*a civil war*,' and the Americans '*our unhappy fellow-subjects*;' attempted no justification of the measures of government. I was pleased with his candor and judgment." — p. 89.

"*Sept. 7, 1777.* At the college, the cathedral so called, Dr. Stonehouse preached; he was a practitioner of medicine, and has now turned his attention to spiritual maladies. His discourse serious and sensible, and his delivery with becoming energy, very unlike the insipid coldness prevalent among the preferment-seeking, amusement-hunting, '*macaroni parsons*,' who, to the shame and dishonor of this age and nation, constitute the bulk of those of the established clergy that possess valuable livings.

"In the afternoon, walked to a street adjoining King's square to attend John Wesley's preachment; he being seated on a decent scaffold, addressed about two thousand people, consisting of the middle and lower ranks. The preacher's language was plain and intelligible, without descending to vulgarisms.

"*Sept. 14.* In the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like, that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness.

He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior, — not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability." — pp. 154, 155.

"June 1, 1778. Dr. Price, in his fast sermon on Feb. 10, speaking of the dependence of a nation's safety on righteous men, has the following: 'There is a distant country, once united to this, where every inhabitant has in his house, as a part of his furniture, a book on law and government, to enable him to understand his colonial rights; a musket to enable him to defend those rights; and a Bible to understand and practise religion. What can hurt such a country? Is it any wonder we have not succeeded? How secure must it be while it preserves its virtue against all attacks.' — p. 192.

"Feb. 13. To the Moravian chapel; Mr. Washington, the settled minister, preached from, '*And being fashioned as a man,*' etc. The great point insisted on, as usual, was, that the supreme Deity, the God and Father of all, or to use their own language, '*the eternal Jehovah, suffered death actually, truly, and properly, in the person of Christ, or was the real suffering, dying being, who expired on the cross.*' In the course of these extemporaneous or memoriter effusions, such terms and expressions were used that made my blood more than once almost forsake its channels; in truth, I was astonished and hurt to an extreme degree, and it has caused me to resolve on forsaking this and all assemblies of like over-zealous orthodox tenets." — pp. 234, 235.

"April 29, Sunday. At Essex House chapel, Dr. Priestley preached an excellent discourse; proving beyond contradiction that religion and virtue are the only just sources of true delight and joy, or as he modified the language, of settled, calm serenity of mind. It was a discourse worthy a Christian divine, and happy would those be on whose minds those blessed truths were impressed in indelible characters." — p. 314.

"May 2. Attended service at Limehouse church; Dr. Watson, bishop of Llandaff, preached a most excellent charity sermon to a crowded assembly. Bidding prayer was long, catholic, and charmingly delivered; concluding sentence was, '*Now to the King eternal,*' etc., instead of the usual one, '*Now to God the Father, God the Son,*' etc. His enunciation is loud, sonorous, and manly, his person robust and tall." — p. 400.

There are anecdotes of distinguished persons scattered through the volume, which lend to it a constant interest of a very agreeable character. Mr. Curwen was a good observer, and conveys a clear idea of what he sees by a few touches. He sees Lord North.

" *March 29.* Good Friday ; attended worship at Whitehall chapel, Lord North present. Being disappointed in Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's church, (at the former by the lowness of the reader's voice, at the latter by the service not having begun,) proceeding cityward, just as I came to the gate leading from Parliament-street to Scotland-yard, or Whitehall, who should cross me but a large clumsy gentleman with a blue ribbon across his breast, who, on inquiry, I found was Lord North. Following him into Whitehall chapel, I remained during the service. He is rather above the common height, and bulk greatly exceeding ; large legs, walks heavily, manner clumsy ; very large featured, thick lips, wide mouth, high forehead, large nose, eyes not lively ; head well covered with hair, which he wears high before." — p. 341.

Shelburne.

" *London, Jan. 6, 1783.* Walked for two hours in the Park ; saw Lord Shelburne for the first time to my knowledge. He is of a middling size and well set ; walks strong and springy ; his dress a brown frock and boots, with a whip in his hand." — p. 363.

The King and royal family at Windsor.

" *Windsor, July 15, Sunday.* At St. George's chapel, prayers at eight ; present, the King, Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia,—about a hundred hearers ; we joined the train to Queen's house, or rather to the gates. The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much ; his countenance heavy and lifeless, with white eyebrows. Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a half,—though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay : — at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout. They take no state upon them, walk freely about the town with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess-royal, Princesses Sophia and

Elizabeth, walk for an hour on terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks. The Prince of Wales appears a likely agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The prince affects much the '*Jemmy*' dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding habit, same color and facings as the King's — a small bonnet with a blue feather. Conducted to picture gallery and state rooms; in one stands the Queen's bed, of a cream color, worked in flowers with silk floss beautifully shaded, about seven feet long and six wide; posts fluted, and gilt tester, having in the centre an oval compartment, thought to be the richest in England except Lady Clifford's at Wybrook, which was wrought and presented to her by the late Duchess of Norfolk, — twelve chairs and a screen, wrought by her present Majesty's own diligent hand. In the evening on the terrace, the King was in full dress, — blue uniform, sword and cockade; the Prince of Wales the same. The Queen in faint greenish silk full dress, except her head, on which she had a bonnet with a feather of the same color as her dress." — pp. 319, 320.

Private life of the King.

"*Feb. 7.* At the queen's house with Mr. Hopkins to see the plate, etc.; the first object that struck me was three large maund baskets covered of table plate, as dishes, tureens, butter and sauce boats, all with covers, raised, embossed and engraved. The king's service was silver gilt; the prince's, silver. We also were conducted to the kitchen, where were eighteen male cooks busily employed in their several various lines; the men in white jackets and caps, and the women in white aprons and caps. By a late royal order, no one is to appear in the kitchen with their natural hair. When the king arrives from court at St. James's, (where he attends five days in the week, Tuesdays and Saturdays being the only ones he has in the week for his own private amusements, concerns, etc.) dinner is called, on which a bustle ensues; the assistants of the silver scullery take such pieces as called for out of baskets, place them on a warm stove, whence they are taken by the cook and filled and taken to dining-room door, and delivered to the person appointed to place them on the royal table. Common dinner, five dishes of meat, four of garden stuffs, and one remove daily, and no more. He is exceedingly temperate, drinks generally water, and rarely partakes of more than one or two dishes. His supper is water-gruel, taken in a vessel peculiarly appropriated to his use, called the king's cup, and is of silver gilt, — shown me by the yeoman.

The king's company at table is the queen, prince of Wales, (unless on his public dinner days,) the princess royal, princesses Sophia and Elizabeth; the rest of the children at another table in another apartment. The prince's dinner served up by his proper officers in the same manner as the king's. The queen, unless indisposed, always attends court and levee days; as soon as it is over she returns; immediately dinner is served up without waiting for her husband; a proof of good husbandship." — pp. 332, 333.

Mr. Curwen finds Mr. Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, a little too much of a courtier.

"*May 24.* Went early in order to be at Mr. Benjamin Thompson's in time, and being a little before, heard he was not returned home from Lord George Germaine's, where he always breakfasts, dines, and sups, so great a favorite is he. To kill half an hour, I loitered to the park through the palace, and on second return found him at his lodgings; he received me in a friendly manner, taking me by the hand, talked with great freedom, and promised to remember and serve me in the way I proposed to him. Promises are easily made, and genteel delusive encouragement the staple article of trade belonging to the courtier's profession. I put no hopes on the fair appearances of outward behavior, though it is uncandid to suppose all mean to deceive. Some wish to do a service who have it not in their power; all wish to be thought of importance and significance, and this often leads to deceit. This young man, when a shop lad to my next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured, and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now under secretary to the American secretary of state, Lord George Germaine, a secretary to Georgia, inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieut. Col. Commandant of horse dragoons at New York; his income arising from these sources is, I have been told, near seven thousand a year — a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations. He is besides a member of the Royal Society. It is said he is of an ingenious turn, an inventive imagination, and by being on one cruise in channel service with Sir Charles Hardy, has formed a more regular and better digested system for signals than that heretofore used. He seems to be of a happy, even temper in general deportment, and reported of an excellent heart; peculiarly respectful to Americans that fall in his way." — p. 316.

"*Aug. 11.* After one hour's waiting, admitted to Mr. Thompson in the plantation office; he seemed inclined to shorten the

interview, received me with a courtier's smile, rather uncommunicative and dry. This reception has damped my ill grounded hopes, derived from former seeming friendly intentions to promote my views; this, my first, will be my last attempt to gain advantages from a courtier, of which I never entertained favorable impressions." — p. 322.

He is much concerned lest Mr. Adams should not wear a sword, if he should chance to be presented at court. What the event was we do not know; but if we remember right, Copley's full length represents him with that — to one unaccustomed thereto — most treacherous appendage.

"One of your Massachusetts public ministers, Mr. John Adams, is here in all the pride of American independence; by Mr. Gorham I am told he uttered to him the following speech, '*together with the war he had buried all animosity against the absentees.*' Though he is of a rigid temper, and a thorough-paced republican, candor obliges me to give him credit for the humanity of the sentiment, being spoken in private, and to one of his own party, and probably without an intention to be published abroad. In a conversation with my informant, he further replied, that he chose to consider himself as a plain American republican; his garb plain, without a sword, which is carrying his transatlantic ideas, I fear, a little too far. Should he have the curiosity, or his public character render it expedient to attend a royal levee, or at a drawing-room at St James's on a court day, I hope he will not deserve and meet with as mortifying a repulse as our late chancellor, Lord Thurlow, at the court of Versailles; whose surly pertinacity in wearing a bob-wig occasioned his being refused admittance into the king's presence. However frivolous a part of dress soever a sword may appear to one of Mr. Adams's scholar-like turn, he is by this time, I fancy, too well acquainted with the etiquette of courts to neglect so necessary an appendage, without which no one can find admittance out of the clerical line." — p. 394.

We must here close our account of this interesting volume — interesting to every reader; but especially so must it be to the few remaining survivors of the period of which it treats; to those more especially still, who, in turning over the pages see everywhere the familiar names of those with whom they were either fellow actors, or fellow sufferers, to whose mind will be vividly recalled the persons, the times, and the events of the era when a nation received its birth.

JAY'S RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

Few among us have labored more assiduously and earnestly in the cause of liberty to the slave than Mr. Jay. The present pamphlet is one that has been some time before the public, but we are moved even at so late a day to notice it, in order by a few quotations to correct errors still prevailing in regard to the success of the West India Emancipation, having their origin in either the careless or partial statements of the public press. We are not aware that any authorized documents have appeared since the reports of Parliament at its last sitting, to contradict the satisfactory results it then made known to the world through its Committee. Mr. Jay in the first part of his pamphlet gives a clear and succinct narrative of the origin of the anti-slavery movement in Great Britain, and of the measures and early results of Emancipation in the Islands. This is all familiar ground. We confine our citation to his summary of the latest published official statements of the present actual condition of those Islands. He says :—

“Recent statements made in the English Parliament respecting Jamaica, since the foregoing pages were written, have been so grossly distorted by some American prints, that persons relying on their statements would have been justified in believing, that the predictions of the planters were after all to be verified, and emancipation even at this day prove a failure. On the 22d of March, 1842, Lord Stanley moved for a select committee to inquire into the state of the West Indian colonies in reference to the existing relations between employers and laborers, the rate of wages, supply of labor, *et cætera*. The noble lord remarked, that ‘Emancipation had in the benefits which were derived from it excelled the most sanguine expectations of the most ardent advocates of the measure. IN EVERY ONE OF THE ISLANDS the physical condition and prosperity of the laboring classes had reached to an extent far greater than had been anticipated; and what was still more gratifying, the improvement in their physical condition was accompanied by a corresponding improvement in their social and moral habits.’ After recapitulating various particulars of their advancement, he said, to show that he did not exaggerate the improvement, which had taken place in the habits and condition of the West Indian laborer, he would read to the House an ex-

tract from an *official document*, which he had a short time since addressed to a foreign power, in answer to a statement in which the experiment of Emancipation was alluded to as having proved a failure. The words were these: 'It will be found that the British Emancipation took place without the occurrence of a single instance of tumult or disturbance; that the joy of the negroes on the first of August, 1838, was orderly, sober, and religious; that since Emancipation, the negroes had been thriving and contented; that they have varied their manner of living, and multiplied their comforts and enjoyments; that their offences against the laws have become more and more light and unfrequent; that their morals have been improved; that marriage has become more and more substituted for concubinage; that they are eager for education, rapidly advancing in knowledge, and powerfully influenced by the ministers of religion. Such are amongst the results of emancipation, which are plain and indisputable; and these results constitute, in the estimation of Her Majesty's Government and the people of England, THE COMPLETE SUCCESS OF THE BRITISH EMANCIPATION, IN SO FAR AS RELATES TO THE PRIMARY AND PARAMOUNT OBJECTS OF THAT ACT!'

"Lord Stanley, in confirmation of these facts, quoted at length the despatches of Sir C. T. Metcalf, from which we have extracted, and said that to one of these despatches was attached a most singular document, showing the number of those who had voluntarily entered their names as owners of possessions liable to taxation, and stating their willingness to bear their proportion of the public burthens. From this it appeared that in one parish, Manchester, the number of tax-payers in the year 1836 was 387, and that they had steadily increased until, in the year 1841, they numbered 1866. The number of freeholders becoming so by the accumulations of their industry assessed in Jamaica, as given by the Governor, were, in 1838, 2014; in 1840, 7848.*

"Governor Light of Demarara, it was stated by Lord Stanley, gave similar encouraging views. His lordship then spoke of the very high price of labor in the colonies, owing to the attention which the colored people bestow upon their own freeholds, and the consequent loss to the planters; and this he proposed to remedy by a reduction of the expenses of cultivation by improved management, and also by emigration from the American colonies and the coast of Africa.

"Such are the official statements of the English government of the present condition of the islands, which by American editors are distorted into "lamentable accounts,"† and are thus made matter for gratulation to the fawning parasites of slavery.

* Parliamentary Documents, p. 228.

† The following paragraph contains the abstract of Lord Stanley's

"The high prices of labor from which the planters are now suffering, it is very evident, have resulted in a great degree from the mean and narrow policy, which has been pursued by them towards the negroes, from the commencement of the apprenticeship. Twenty millions of pounds sterling did they receive when slavery was abolished. The heaviest curse that ever rested on a nation was then withdrawn. Free labor, more valuable by far than slave labor, as the magistrates have proved, was introduced, and with the exercise of only common honesty and ordinary humanity, the planters with perhaps, at first, a few exceptions in those, who during slavery had been as noted for their cruelty, might have commanded as much willing labor as they could possibly desire. Unhappily another policy, — a miserable policy, engendered by the dark spirit of slavery, not yet extinct in the breasts of the masters, was allowed to prevail. The poor negroes, who had been toiling all their lives for others, were now for the first time to labor for themselves, and knew not how to make good bargains; of their guilelessness and ignorance, these 'gentlemen of property and standing' took advantage, and in some cases, as already mentioned, the tenant was credited with 5 shillings a week for his labor, and charged 8 shillings for rent."

This is all eminently cheering to the philanthropist. It so far proves that immediate emancipation may take place with safety and even advantage to both master and slave. It is a pity, so far as the force of example is concerned, that this good deed, done in the West Indies, could not have proceeded from some other source. For England will always be believed to be prompted in her efforts against American slavery by some secret and selfish policy, so long as in other quarters of the world she inflicts such grievous wrongs upon helpless and half-civilized nations. There must be more completeness and consistency in her measures, before she can so far secure the respect of mankind, as to teach, with any effect, lessons of morality. A greater and more wanton assault upon the rights of nations, a

speech, given to the public by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*. The *Courier* and *Enquirer* and several other of the daily papers had no notice of it whatever. The "EXPRESS" was an honorable exception, giving a fair summary of the facts. "On Lord Stanley's motion, select committees were ordered to inquire into the state of the British possessions on the west coast of Africa, and into the state of the West Indian colonies in reference to labor, wages, &c., the object being to establish a large emigration from Africa to the West Indies. LORD STANLEY GAVE A LAMENTABLE ACCOUNT OF THE STATE OF THINGS IN THE WEST INDIES !!" — *Commercial Advertiser*, April 18, 1842.

more flagrant violation of the principles of peace, of humanity and Christian philanthropy, a more heartless attack upon property and life was never committed by one nation upon another, than by England upon China in this inhuman war,—that is to say, if the origin and causes of the war have not been hidden from all the world, in secret despatches and the locked cabinets of both China and England. If the truth has ever come abroad, England has incurred deep guilt in the measures she has pursued, and the atrocities of the war she has carried on — a war of the Giants against the Pigmies. As a high-minded, generous people, to say nothing of religion, the war is discreditable to her in the highest degree. Her attitude throughout, especially of late, has reminded us of nothing so much as of a butcher, each hand armed with the murderous implements of his trade, rushing into a crowd of thoughtless children, cutting them down right and left till the ground is covered with their bodies — their feeble resistance only inflaming his passions the more, their wailing cries of terror only tempting his coward heart to yet farther deeds of slaughter — and all for what? because the children did not choose the butcher's boy should distribute among them poison in the shape of sugar plums. Setting aside wholly the question as to the justice of the war on the part of England, the manner in which it has been conducted, the massacres, not battles — not a battle has been fought — that have sacrificed lives by thousands, reflect anything but honor on the character of a Christian people. The voice of such a people, lifted up against the institution and horrors of slavery, will scarcely be listened to but with derision.

Much is said of the advantage to the world of the commercial spirit taking place of the military. But however plausibly the idea may strike one as a theory — in the main it is perhaps just — the example of England would seem to prove that the world gains little by the exchange. If it was not the ambition of conquest, of power, the ancient spirit of war, that sent England into India, in the last century, and into China in this, it has been the spirit of covetousness, the love of plunder, the purpose of concentrating into the grasp of one people the trade of the world. And where is the difference, so far as the peace and happiness of mankind are concerned, between the insane ambition of sway and love of glory which moved Napoleon and his myriads, and the base lust of gold which builds its greatness on dollars cemented by blood — which lays waste and enslaves

a feeble nation, but rich, to drain it of its wealth, and by its local governments make offices for younger sons and court favorites. The voice of such a power is raised in vain against the injustice and wrong of slavery.

England, we fear, with all her loud asseverations in behalf of freedom and peace — we do not doubt the sincerity of one of her noble army of philanthropists, but what, and while, they are building up, the cabinet, whether whig or tory, is employed in pulling down — is doing more to perpetuate the spirit of war and aggression than all the rest of Christendom. She is secretly embittering the heart of Europe. The rival nations are at present looking on in silence — all at peace save this old Roman gladiator. But is there no secret plotting? Are there no whispers of jealousy and fear passing from court to court? How much longer will they stand by, while one power, by conquest after conquest, engrosses to herself the commerce and wealth of the world? How much longer before this towering pride of the English throne will enlist against itself the combined arms of the nations, who, as they behold one people after another swallowed up, will feel bound by a principle of self-defence to strike a league for their common liberty, and so Europe again be converted to one vast battle-field? How can it seem very different from the policy and purpose of Bonaparte, except that the movements at present made are in a remote part of the world, and the policy and purpose a little more subtle and disguised. She, who so needlessly nourishes and perpetuates the spirit of war, cannot and will not be heard, when, at the same moment, she turns round upon the world with the tone and rebuke of a moral and religious Censor. Be it that some shall say, or she shall say, good in the providence of God comes out of this Anglo-Saxon progress with fire and sword — the world shall become English, and English is the best stock wherewith to stock it — so it may be said with as much pertinency that good in His providence comes out of slavery — that African pagans are thus gradually Christianized, and educated here as an army of missionaries with which, by and by in the ages, to subdue Africa to the law and influences of the Gospel. Admitting both allegations to be true, still it were the guiltiest impiety to *make* a war, or *make* a slave on this plea.

When will Power learn to be just, humane, Christian?

The following extracts from English papers will show that in what has been said there has been no exaggeration. The first paragraphs are, it will be seen, from a work by a Captain Bing-

ham,* which we find in the *London Spectator*, accompanied by remarks of the Editor.

"It is impossible to read the accounts of the military operations in China without shame and disgust. It is not war, but sheer butchery — a battu in a well stocked preserve of human beings. Captain Bingham, of the Royal Navy, in a book which we have not seen, but which the *Standard* has quoted with a justly indignant commentary, thus describes the capture of Ningpoo :—

'About 12,000 [Chinese] advanced upon the southern and western gates, the guards retiring before them. On the Chinese penetrating to the market-place in the centre of the city, they were received by a heavy fire from our troops drawn up. This sudden check so damped their ardor, that their only object appeared to be to get out of the city as fast as they could ; in doing which they were crowded in dense masses in the narrow street. The artillery now coming up, unlimbered within one hundred yards of the crowded fugitives, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. So awful was the destruction of human life, that the bodies were obliged to be removed to the sides of the street to allow the guns to advance ; and the pursuit was followed up by them [the artillery] and the Forty-ninth Regiment, for several miles.'

"Such scenes, it appears, are continually recurring in Captain Bingham's narrative. For instance, we read of the British placing a large body of Chinese between two fires, and killing six hundred with the loss of only one man : 'the Chinese could do nothing against the terrific broadsides of the ships, the shells, and the rockets.' Again, we are told of a Chinese army thrown into confusion by the unexpected appearance of two bodies of troops, which had advanced under cover while they were engaged with a third, and of fifteen hundred of them being killed with the loss of sixteen British killed and a few wounded. Nor are the armed soldiery of China the only sufferers ;—

'With such a tremendous bombardment as had been going on for two hours in this densely populated neighborhood, it must be expected that pitiable sights were to be witnessed. At one spot were four children struck down, while the frantic father was oc-

* We have in vain endeavored to procure Elliot's, McPherson's, or Bingham's narrative of the incidents of the China War, although they have been some time before the British public — long enough, at least, to have been easily republished here, before this. They are works of a deeply interesting character, to judge from extracts we have seen, and would command an extensive sale. We are surprised that their titles have not caught the eyes of those who pretend to know, and aim to supply, the wants of the market.

asionally embracing their bodies, or making attempts to drown himself in a neighboring tank. Numerous similar scenes were witnessed.' "

The following is from another London paper: —

" A Chinese force of from 8,000 to 10,000 men were strongly posted upon some hills commanded by Generals Twang-Yang, Yang, and Choo. Arrangements were made for an attack in three columns, two of which were led by Sir H. Gough, and Sir W. Parker, in person. Nothing could exceed the bravery of the troops. They contrived to surround the Chinese, and quite bewildered them. The carnage was dreadful, being more a butchery than a battle. *Ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, the poor creatures knew not how to surrender, and were massacred.* Not less than a thousand of them, including a great number of Mandarins, were killed, or drowned in the canals; whereas of the British troops only *three were killed and twenty-two wounded.*"

Surely no war of which history has preserved any record was ever so fatal to the good name of a people. The English officers returning home after such work must feel very much as if returning covered — not with glory — but with the blood of the shambles. We do not envy them their sensations as they meet the glance and the touch of some, at least, in England, who in their manner will show that they discriminate between the gallant soldier and the human butcher.

Since writing the above, news of peace with China and Affghanistan has arrived. Every one must rejoice in the event. But one's satisfaction is far from being unmixed, as the significant fact becomes known, that in the treaty with China not so much as allusion is made to the cause of the war — the Opium Trade. Was it an indispensable preliminary in the negotiation that England would make peace only on such condition? and must opium still be smuggled into the country against its will and to its ruin, under penalty of another war with England? Has this door of contention been left open, that new difficulties may arise and future wars bring this immense empire wholly into the power of Great Britain? Such precaution were hardly necessary, for already do we look upon China as but a dependent province. What with the important foothold England has now obtained upon the soil, what with her navy lying in all the principal ports, and the terror which the present war has struck into the very heart of the people, we see in China already but another India.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Poetry for Schools: Designed for Reading and Recitation.
The whole selected from the best poets in the English language.
By the Author of "American Popular Lessons," "Primary Dictionary," "Biography for Schools," "Tales from American History," "English History," "Grecian History," &c., &c., &c. New York. 1842.

WE have always thought this one of the best volumes in the extended series, which the author has prepared for the use of the young, and of schools. It should have passed through many large editions before this; but we are glad that it has come to a second. It should be more widely known and used than it is. There are few volumes prepared for the young, which in so few pages offer so much to please the taste, to inform the mind, and enlighten the moral sense. It is not a book of mere extracts, but a manual of the spirit and principles of an enlightened, and Christian criticism. It not only collects together amusing or instructive passages from the eminent poets of past ages and the present, — Class books of this kind, and volumes called "Beauties," there are in abundance, containing double the amount of poetry for the same price, and, for aught we know, better selections, — but it is the peculiar merit of this little volume, that it not only provides the poetry to be read, but shows the pupil how to read it with the understanding. In a few examples it supplies all the collateral information necessary to a full comprehension of the author; and with the criticisms that introduce and follow the passages selected, gives the most valuable lessons in the art, not only of reading intelligently, but of forming a judgment of the real merits of what is read. A great amount of biographical and historical information is conveyed, in the brief sketches, and personal anecdotes of authors, often prefixed to the lessons. Excellent judgment is shown, we think, in the character of the pieces chosen for this purpose, as, passing over the hackneyed selections — and, unfortunately for the after enjoyment of the poet, generally the best — those passages have been taken, equally well suited to the object of the volume, but of much humbler pretensions; which the pupil is less likely to have previously met with elsewhere, and which, though they should become familiar, would less interfere afterwards with the enjoyment of the writers, from whom they are taken. In the author's own language: —

"In order to compose it, I resorted to the purest fountains of English verse, and took what I found suitable to my humble purpose. I left the more elevated and sublime portions of the poets who supplied me, and appropriated to my selection such passages only as I believed would, with a little exposition, be useful and agreeable to young readers. As a bird does not lead her new-fledged offspring to the skies in her first flight with them, so I would dictate short excursions to the unformed faculties of the human mind, that young readers, feeling their own power and felicity as they proceed, may at length be able and willing, without assistance, to ascend 'the brightest heaven of invention.'" — *Preface*, p. viii.

It is to be stated distinctly as a merit of the present volume, but more particularly so of her histories of Greece and of England and her Sequel to Popular Lessons, that no opportunity is lost of illustrating, by wise comparisons, in a natural and unforced manner, the advantages and blessings of Christian civilization, as contrasted with former periods of both Heathen and Jewish history. In no books of the kind, that we have met with, is this indirect argument for Christianity so constantly pressed upon the thoughts of the young reader. It is woven all along into the very substance of her matter.

We are gratified to learn the wide circulation of some of these admirable volumes. The Primary Dictionary and Popular Lessons are spread over the country. The second of these has perhaps enjoyed the widest popularity; and has lately, as we are informed, been translated into both Spanish and French, with reference to their being introduced into the schools of those countries. Excellent, and highly esteemed abroad, as these books are, we are not aware that a single one of the series has been introduced into the common schools of Massachusetts.

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1. *M. Accii Plauti Amphitruo et Aululario. Ex editione J. F. Gronovii. Accedunt notæ Anglicæ. Cura C. K. Dillaway, A. M. Philadelphię; Perkins et Purves. Bostoniæ: B. Perkins. 1842. pp. 204.*
 2. *M. T. Ciceronis Tusculanarum Quæstionum libri quinque ex editionibus Oliveti et Ernesti. Accedunt Notæ Anglicæ. Cura C. K. Dillaway, A. M. Tom. I. II. Philadelphię et Bostoniæ. 1842. 18mo.*

THE public is again indebted to the scholarship and industry of Mr. Dillaway for three more volumes of his beautiful series of selections from the Latin Classics. They are formed precisely on the model of the preceding volumes, and it is necessary, therefore, only to announce to our readers their appearance.

Those who cannot afford to purchase complete editions of the works of the Roman authors, may here supply themselves with selections from them, accompanied by a large body of notes, with solutions of the most difficult passages, and full of illustrative matter, drawn from Mythology, Antiquities, History, and Biography. Prettier volumes could hardly be desired; nor could they be had, except from the London press. They seem well adapted by their form, for the higher classes in our classical schools, and the first years of college.

Self-Culture, by William E. Channing, D. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1842.

A VERY beautiful miniature edition of this useful essay, possessing additional value from the brief memoir which introduces it.

The Rights of Conscience and of Property; or The True Issue of the Convent Question; by George Ticknor Curtis. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1842.

THE present session of the Legislature, we trust, will not terminate before justice, long delayed, shall be done to the Catholics, whose moderation and patience, under the most grievous wrongs at the hands of a mob, and under the neglect of the Commonwealth to make all the reparation in its power by full reimbursement for their loss, have done them lasting honor. It was injury enough to them, and to the reputation of our time-honored State, when a lawless rabble — with whatever sprinkling of respectability there might have been in it — set fire at midnight to a large and costly edifice, crowded with women and children, impelled to the deed by religious prejudice. But every disgrace which that act of savage violence inflicted upon Massachusetts, and every injury it inflicted upon the Catholics, has been exceeded in the fact of the virtual justification of that act by the withholding of justice for so long a period, where right is so plain, that no other blindness but that of religious prejudice could fail to see and acknowledge it. This we think is the most serious aspect of the case, that the whole body of our representatives should, to so great an extent, share the feelings and passions of the mob. Unless it be their religious prejudice operating in secret, we in vain attempt to conjecture a reason for this weary denial of a righteous compensation. Perhaps we ought to add that there is another aspect of the case more serious yet,

and more discouraging as to the healthiness of the moral feelings in our community, the fact, namely, stated by Mr. Curtis, and well known to all who know anything of the matter, that during the eight years that have elapsed since the destruction of the convent, in no one instance has the Governor of the State in his annual Message called the attention of the Legislature to the subject. The possible reason for this neglect of the most important topic, that for these eight years has solicited the Chief Magistrate's attention, hinted by Mr. Curtis, "the belief that the suggestion would not penetrate through the prejudices of the time," is by no means sufficient to excuse this unfaithfulness. The suspected existence of such prejudice was the best reason to be given for such plain and earnest statement and re-statement, for such argument and appeal — often enough resorted to on questions of general and local politics — as might tend to soften and remove the prejudice, and open the mind to more enlarged and generous views. Who can doubt that had there been the right feeling, there has each year been talent enough in the chair to have presented the question in such a form and with such power, as long before this to have discharged our great debt to the Catholics, and as far as that can be done by repentance and reparation, to have wiped away her darkest stain of dishonor from the fair fame of our ancient Commonwealth. The incumbents of that chair, we are certain, have not, in this, answered the wishes and expectations of the best portions of the people.

Two years ago we expressed the hope that, before the Bunker Hill Monument should be carried to its top stone, that other monument of our shame on a neighboring height, the ruins of the demolished Convent, should be replaced by the restored edifice, and again be occupied by its former tenants. The top stone is up and on, but the ruins stand as they did. Shall they stand there forever?

The pamphlet of Mr. Curtis is able and eloquent, and presents with great clearness and force the legal argument in the question. If such argument as is presented here, and such as shall be heard in the House at the present session, does not produce its effect in accomplishing the ends of honesty and justice, we trust the friends and advocates of justice and honesty will not lose their patience, but repeat their efforts from year to year, till the mind of the people shall be subdued to what must in the end obtain its triumph, the power of truth and right.

Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands. By MRS. L. H. SIG-
OURNEY. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1842.

OUT of her pleasant memories of pleasant lands Mrs. Sigourney has made quite a pleasant book. She pours out poetry with the same facility apparently as prose. But whether she employs blank verse, rhyme, or simple prose, she gives utterance to those kindly feelings and that pure sentiment that find a ready echo in the bosoms of all. Her writings are too generally known to need a single critical remark, and we rather turn to her pages for a few such passages as may afford pleasure to our readers. The volume is printed in a very beautiful form, adapted to the wants of the present-making season. An engraved title-page and a pretty view of Abbotsford, as a frontispiece, are its decorations.

From the chapter devoted to the young Queen of England, we extract the passage which describes her as she appeared addressing the Houses of Parliament.

The countenance of Queen Victoria is agreeable, and her complexion very fair. At first view it seemed remarkable, that one so young should evince such entire self-possession, nor betray by the least shade of embarrassment a consciousness, that every eye in that vast assembly was fixed solely on her. This, however, is a part of the queenly training in which she has become so perfect.

Her voice is clear and melodious, and her enunciation so correct, that every word of her speech was distinctly audible to the farthest extremity of the House of Lords. She possesses in an eminent degree the accomplishment of fine reading. I could not help wishing that the fair daughters of my own land, who wear no crown save that of loveliness and virtue, would more fully estimate the worth of this accomplishment, and more faithfully endeavor to acquire it. For I remembered how often, in our seminaries of education, I had listened almost breathlessly to sentiments, which I knew from the lips that uttered them must be true and beautiful; but only stifled sounds, or a few uncertain murmurings repaid the toil. And I wish all who conduct the education of young ladies would insist on at least an audible utterance, and not consider their own office to be faithfully filled, unless a correct and graceful elocution is attained.

In looking upon the fair young creature to whom such power is deputed, and hoping that she might be enabled to execute the sacred and fearful trust, for the good of the millions who own her sway, and for her own soul's salvation, I was reminded of the circumstance of her weeping when told she was to become a queen, and of the sweet poem of Miss Barret, which commemorates that circumstance.

“O maiden! heir of Kings!
A King has left his place!”

The majesty of death has swept
All other from his face!
And thou upon thy mother's breast
No longer lean adown,
But take the glory for the rest,
And rule the land that loves thee best."
She heard and wept,
She wept, to wear a crown!

God save thee, weeping Queen!
Thou shalt be well beloved!
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,
As those pure tears have moved!
The nature in thine eyes we see,
That tyrants cannot own!
The love that guardeth liberties. —
Strange blessings on the nation lies
Whose Sovereign wept,
Yea! wept to wear a crown!

Anecdotes of distinguished and interesting persons occur here and there. She visited Miss Edgeworth, and thus describes her :

"To have repeatedly met and listened to Miss Edgeworth, seated familiarly with her by the fireside, may seem to her admirers in America a sufficient payment for the hazards of crossing the Atlantic. Her conversation like her writings is varied, vivacious, and delightful. Her kind feelings toward our country are well known, and her forgetfulness of self, and happiness in making others happy, are marked traits in her character. Her person is small, and delicately proportioned, and her movements full of animation. She has an aversion to having her likeness taken, which no entreaties of her friends have been able to overcome. In one of her notes, she says, 'I have always refused even my own family to sit for my portrait, and with my own good will shall never have it painted, as I do not think it would give either my friends or the public any representation or expression of my mind, such as I trust may be more truly found in my writings.' The ill-health of a lovely sister much younger than herself, at whose house in London she was passing the winter, called forth such deep anxiety, untiring attention, and fervent gratitude for every favorable symptom, as seemed to blend features of maternal tenderness with sisterly affection. It is always gratifying to find that those, whose superior intellect charms and enlightens us, have their hearts in the right place."

We have never seen a representation of this celebrated writer in either painting or engraving, but did not before know that none exists. Her reason given for denying the pleasure to her friends and the world of possessing her picture is amusing enough, and a striking instance to show how illogical a very wise person can sometimes be. As if any body wanted her portrait in order to see her mind in it, and so might see it imperfectly —

as if it were for any other purpose than just to see how she looks. Does Miss Edgeworth derive no gratification from looking upon the bust or portrait of the great persons of antiquity or of the present day? Why in her own case should she deprive us of a similar pleasure? Does she derive no pleasure from seeing the faces of her living friends? Would she as lief talk with them always with a black veil on, and have intercourse only with their minds? We have great respect for the mind, but a great deal for the body also. We decidedly on the whole think more of mind than body. But we hold it to be quite a reasonable curiosity, when we have been enlightened by the genius of a great author, to look upon an effigy of the outward form, be it ugly or otherwise, in which it pleased Heaven to lodge it. This transcendental elevation — of which before we could never have suspected this most practical of writers — above the pleasures of sense, above the delights that come in through material forms, sounds, hues, above all joys, but those that can be gathered from a treatise on metaphysics, religion, or universal grammar — this, if we were disposed to speak seriously of it, we should call a form of irreverence; but as we are not, we simply call it error of judgment, or affectation.

Mrs. Sigourney saw also Wordsworth and Miss Baillie.

"An excursion to Grassmere and Helvellyn, the falls of Rydal-Water, Stock-Gill-Force, and other points of interest in the vicinity of Ambleside, communicated great pleasure to our party; but at our return we found it had been purchased by the loss of a call from the poet Wordsworth. Though I had more earnestly desired to see him than almost any distinguished writer, whom from early life had been admired, it was with a degree of diffidence, amounting almost to trepidation, that I accepted the invitation to his house, which had been left at the inn. As I approached his lovely and unpretending habitation, embowered with ivy and roses, I felt that to go into the presence of Europe's loftiest crowned head, would not cost so much effort, as to approach and endeavor to converse with a king in the realm of mind. But the kindness of his reception and that of his family, and the unceremonious manner in which they make a guest feel as one of them, removed the reserve and uneasiness of a stranger's heart.

Wordsworth is past seventy years of age, and has the same full, expanded brow, which we see in his busts and engravings. His conversation has that simplicity and richness, for which you are prepared by his writings. He led me around his grounds, pointing out the improvements which he had made, during the last thirty years, and the trees, hedges, and shrubbery which had been planted under his direction. Snatches of the gorgeous scenery of lake and mountain, were visible from different points; and one of the walks terminated with the near view of a chapel built by his neighbor, the Lady Elizabeth Fleming, on whose domain are both the upper and lower falls of Rydal-Water. In

this beautiful combination of woods, cliffs, and waters, and solemn temple pointing to the skies, we see the germ of many of his thrilling descriptions; for his habit is to compose in the open air. He loves the glorious scenery of his native region, and is evidently pleased when others admire it.

"His household consists of a wife, sister, two sons, and a daughter. The eldest of the sons is married, and with a group of five children resides under the same roof, giving to the family a pleasant, patriarchal aspect. A fine boy of five years, who bears the name of his grandfather, and bids fair to possess somewhat of his breadth of brow, is evidently quite a favorite. Among his bright sayings was the question, whether '*the Ocean was not the christian-name of the Sea?*' It was delightful to see so eminent a poet, thus pursuing the calm tenor of a happy life, surrounded by all those domestic affections and charities, which his pure lays have done so much to cherish in the hearts of others."

Her visit to Miss Baillie is thus described :

"It was both a pleasure and a privilege to see Miss Joanna Baillie, at her residence in Hampstead. She is above the common height, erect and dignified in her person, and of truly cordial manners. On my arrival, she had just returned from a long walk to visit the poor, and though past the age of seventy-six, and the day chill and windy, she seemed unfatigued, and even invigorated by the exercise. She resides with a sister several years older than herself, and who retains a beaming and lovely countenance.

"With them was Rogers, the veteran poet, who has numbered his eightieth winter, but still keeps a perpetual smile of spring in his heart. His polished manners make him a favorite in the higher circles, while the true kindness of his nature is attractive to all. Many from my own land can bear witness to his polite attentions, and to the exquisite collection of the fine arts, which his house in London exhibits; and among all the masters of the lyre in foreign realms, there is none of whom I now think with such deep regret, that I shall see their faces no more on earth.

"Miss Baillie is well known to be a native of Scotland, and sister to the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nation, touching the chords of sympathy, I know not, but it was painful to bid her farewell."

Address delivered before the Harvard Musical Association, in the Chapel of the University at Cambridge, August 24, 1842.

By WILLIAM W. STORY. Printed at the request of the Society. Boston: Printed by S. N. Dickinson. 1842. 8vo. pp. 24.

THIS is a discourse which an English writer would call surprisingly clever. But it is more than that, as it shows more

than talent, to which that term is restricted, namely, genuine feeling and a true enthusiasm. We do not think the author has exaggerated, nor exhibited more enthusiasm than all who feel, as well as love to hear, music, would choose to express, and in much the same language, if they possessed an equal power with Mr. Story over a very various vocabulary, and an equally vigorous imagination. He sometimes hovers just upon the verge of the obscure, just enough, perhaps, to inspire a deeper interest in his flights, and just also upon the verge of all we hate in the New Dialect, but on the whole steers his way with so good discretion, that we are obliged to confess he almost seems to borrow a grace from his offences, which is a great deal for a natural enemy of all forms of Euphuism to say. There is no great method in the discourse, but it is none the worse for that; — a great deal of method in a short performance reminds one of small buildings all outside — crushed by too much architecture — examples of which are not wanting.

Were we to please ourselves with taking exception to any principal position of the discourse, it would be with the rank so confidently claimed for Beethoven. He is clearly, to our mind, not of the Shakspeare and Homer class, but a lower order — great, but not greatest — and there is all the difference in the world between the two. In the class of "great" one would be ready to allow him the first place — but would by no means permit him to stand within the sacred precincts of the temple, where dwell the master-spirits of poetry and song. We do not pretend to have heard a tythe of the music of this great composer. But from what we have heard his genius may be understood and measured. It is not difficult to see that he wants that attribute of the greatest minds, to produce perfect satisfaction, an absolute fulness of delight, and force the conviction, that human power can no further go. One has the feeling that he may be surpassed — that many greater may arise. But we look for no more Shakspeares. Our highest conceptions of what is possible to human genius are fulfilled in him. We do not look for a greater. So of the other monarchs of art, Michael Angelo, Dante, Handel. Beethoven may not be compared with them; but rather with such a genius as Richter, whom he seems greatly to resemble, — wild, erratic, fantastic, with gushes of nature and bursts of power, which at times melt the heart and fill the mind with astonishment; but never presenting in a long-sustained movement that completeness and perfect development of thought, which are seen in the works of the greatest minds, and ever assert their supremacy by subduing not only the souls of the few to their sway, but of all. Beethoven,

like Richter, is for a clique, not for mankind ; for — we dare to say — an age, not for all ages. And what adds to the strength of this conviction is, that as we listen, we are compelled to question the perfect simplicity and sincerity of his nature — ever the characteristics of the highest genius — reminding us here again, notwithstanding all his moral beauty, of Richter. You see too much, Beethoven, as, too much, Richter, — too little, original, spontaneous, irresistible, unaffected nature. Handel is not Handel, but greatness, sublimity, inimitable tenderness, surpassing magnificence. Shakspeare is not Shakspeare, but nature, poetry, truth, absolute and unapproachable. Of neither can mannerism be affirmed ; except in the sense, indeed, that their greatness ever betrays them, as manner does inferior souls. If the world sings for six thousand years longer, we cannot conceive that it should ever raise a sublimer strain than the hallelujah chorus, or a sweeter, holier, than “ He shall lead his flock like a shepherd,” or, “ I know that my Redeemer liveth,” — all worthy of the tongues and harps of angels. What is the impression made by the far-famed symphony in C. Minor ? Is it one, single, immediate, homogeneous, overwhelming ? or not rather, mixed, doubtful, confused, partial — an impression of incompleteness and even irrelevancy, of possible, not certain greatness, of a wonderful mingling together of the true and the half-true, the great and the grotesque, the simple and the insincere — of a striving, in a word, after what is not attained. There are strains beautiful, affecting, dreamy, as ever the soul conceived ; but others bewildering, mysterious, anomalous, which interest intensely, and excite the curiosity, but at the same time produce effects absolute music never could — perplexing the mind, and throwing it into a state of criticism, rather than one of calm enjoyment, abandonment to the power of art, breathless admiration.

But we have said more than we intended. We congratulate the Harvard Musical Association on accomplishing so successfully the objects which it placed before it. Its library has already become valuable, and is increasing. We trust it keeps steadily in view what we consider its main object, the establishment of a professorship of music in the University. With this, as one chief fountain of influence, and the Boston Academy, with its annual concerts, as another, we might look confidently for a wide and rapid spread of a more pure musical taste in the country.

1. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing. Preached in Hollis Street Church, Oct. 16, 1842. By John Pierpont.* Boston: Printed by Oliver Johnson. 1842. pp. 23, 8vo.
2. *An Address, delivered at the Funeral of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., in the Federal Street Meeting-house, Oct. 7, 1842. By Ezra S. Gannet.* Boston: William S. Crosby & Co. 1842.
3. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing; delivered in the First Congregational Church, Providence, R. I., Oct. 12, 1842. By Edward B. Hall.* Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 1842.
4. *A Sermon, preached in Amory Hall, Oct. 9th, 1842, being the Sunday succeeding the Death of William Ellery Channing. By James Freeman Clarke.* Boston: Benjamin H. Greene. 1842.
5. *A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of William Ellery Channing, D. D., pronounced before the Unitarian Societies of New-York and Brooklyn, in the Church of the Messiah, Oct. 13th, 1842. By Henry W. Bellows.* New-York: Charles S. Francis & Co. 1842.
6. *The Influence of a Great Mind when imbued with the Spirit of the Christian Religion. A Sermon, preached in the Meeting-house of the Harvard Church and Society in Charlestown, on Sunday, Oct. 9, 1842, on occasion of the Death of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By George E. Ellis, Pastor of that Church.* Boston: William Crosby & Co., No. 118 Washington St. 1842.
7. *An Humble Tribute to the Memory of William Ellery Channing, D. D. A Sermon, preached at West Roxbury, Oct. 9, 1842. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the Second Church in Roxbury.* Boston: Charles C. Little, and James Brown. 1842. 8vo. pp. 38.
8. *A Sermon, on the Death of Dr. Channing. By Rev. Charles T. Brooks, delivered in the Union Meeting-house at Portsmouth, (Rhode Island.)*
9. *A Discourse, on occasion of the Death of Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D., delivered in Essex Street Chapel, on Sunday, Nov. 6th, 1842. By Thomas Madge, Minister of the Chapel.* London: John Green, Newgate St. 1842.

10. *A Tribute to the Memory of the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. A Discourse, delivered in the Chapel, Little Portland St., Regent St., on Sunday, Nov. 20, 1842, by Edward Tagart, F. S. A., Minister of the Chapel.* London: John Green: Newgate St. 1842.
11. *A Sermon, preached at Little Carter Lane Chapel, London, on Sunday, Nov. 6th, 1842, on occasion of the lamented Death of the Rev. William Ellery Channing, D. D. By Joseph Hutton, LL. D.* London: John Green, Newgate St.; and John Mardon, Farrington St. 1842.

WITH the exception of one we have read these discourses, and have been struck with their general excellence. They are of a higher order, we think, than those which appeared on the occasion of the death of President Harrison, and are certainly creditable to the authors and to the church. Our first purpose was to make an article similar to that upon the late President, in order to transmit on our pages an example of the preaching of the day, and through the passages selected for that purpose at the same time present as complete a view as possible of the character and life of Dr. Channing. We have laid it aside for many reasons, but with regret, and preserve merely the titles of the several discourses.

Greenwood's Sermons of Consolation.—In the present Number we can only record the title of this beautiful volume. It is one which we are sure will meet with a grateful reception, not only on the part of the parishioners of Mr. Greenwood, but of all who have ever listened to his preaching, or who seek instruction on the topics most interesting to a thoughtful mind. The plan of the volume we believe is original, in being confined to discourses on some one of the subjects of Christian consolation. It meets a want not before supplied. There are twenty-seven sermons in the volume.

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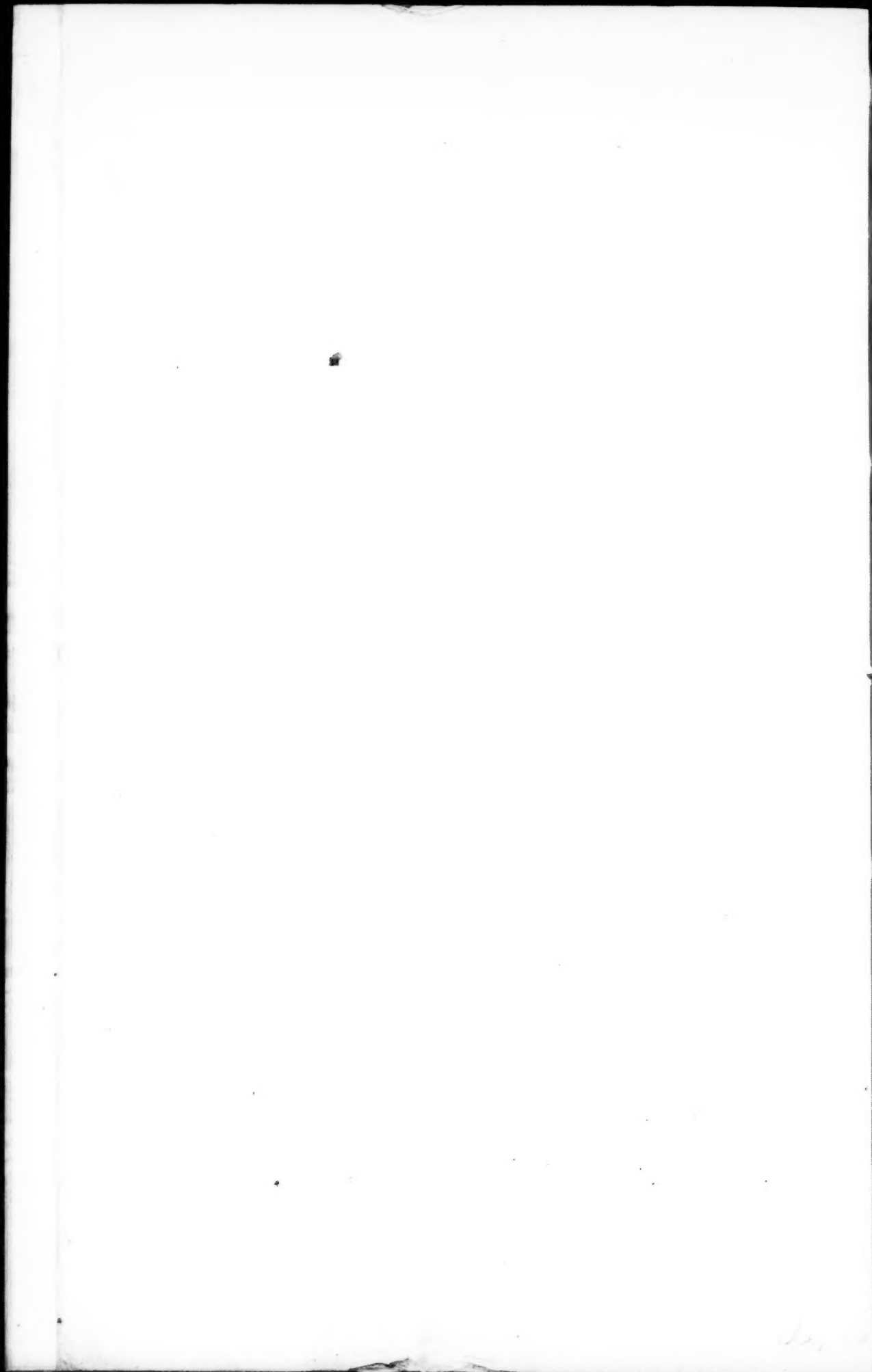
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